The Unveiling

A Poetic Drama
in Five Acts

Jackson Boyd

812

_____ Opera House,
New York City

December 4, 1915.

Mr. Jackson Boyd,
Greencastle, Indiana.

Dear Mr. Boyd:—Merely saying thanks will not convey to you my appreciation of your truly remarkable poem-play, and I feel that I must tell you that in the reading as I progressed most carefully, my interest grew to admiration, unbounded admiration of your great conception, the beauty of expression, the perfection of your philosophy.

Not only did it interest me as a dramatic work, but also the uplift of its message I felt most keenly. The pity is that we of to-day are not yet ready to receive it. The ears of the people would be deaf to its message, their eyes blind to its symbols. We are in the age of artifice, and Truth is unwelcome and would be rejected. Either we are fifty years behind you, or you are fifty years ahead of us. But in any case, the fault I own lies with us, the modern audience, and it is our loss that we are unable to take to ourselves the lessons you would teach.

Surely in the future we are bound to do so, and the years will prove the correctness of the statement. I regret deeply that it is not possible for me to develop the idea, or rather adapt it to practical use here, or elsewhere, because it is so beautiful and good, but the Time is not Now, and it would be casting pearls before swine to exploit a thing of beauty and then see it die.

I recognize the merit of your unusual work and shall be pleased to meet you personally should you ever be in New York City.

Very Truly Yours,

_____

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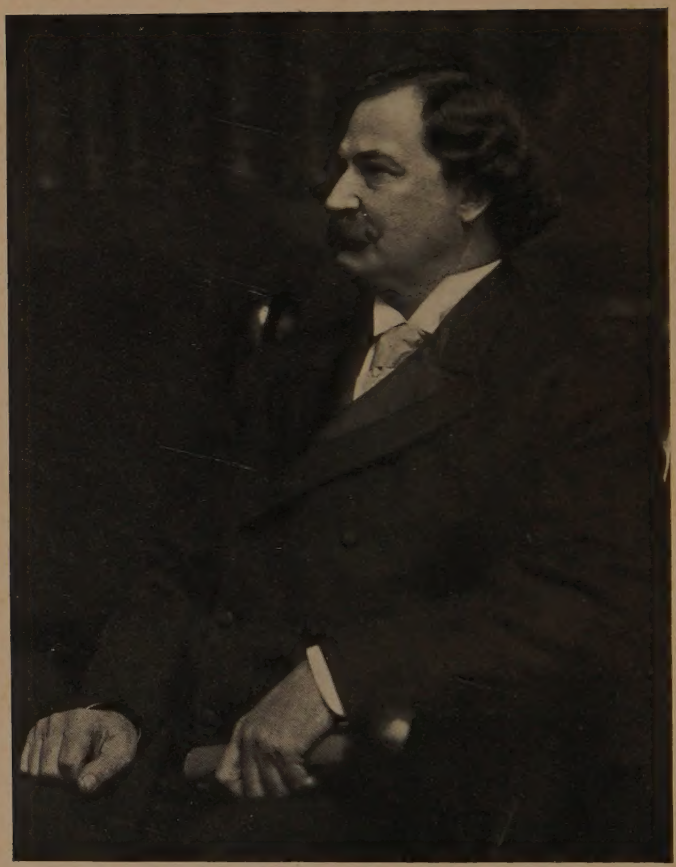

JACKSON BOYD

From a photograph by Cammack

ROLLINS COLLEGE

THE UNVEILING

A POETIC DRAMA
IN FIVE ACTS

BY

JACKSON BOYD

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1915

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORMAZD, *the God of Light*
AHRIMAN, *the God of Darkness*
FRANCIS HARDY, VICTOR WARING, } *Seniors in Blair University*
DR. ANDREWS (*Afterwards President of the U.S.*), DR. ROMAINE, PROF. HAWTRY, } *Teachers in same*
JASPER STILWELL
SUPT. WELLESLY
BROOKS, DAVIS, YOUNG HARDY, YOUNG BROOKS, } *Students in same*
PENROSE, RAMSDEN, ROWLANDS, } *Trustees in same*
FOOL, *leader of Skulls*
VICTOR, *a boy*
JONES, *a litigant*
BOYCE, *a soldier*
CONGER, *a clerical*
CONYERS, HOFFMEYER, SHIRAS, HIGGINS, } *Politicians*

MITCHELL, *a workingman*
BRINKMEYER, *an agitator*
THE GHOST OF HARDY
STUDENTS
STRIKERS
WORKINGMEN
SKULLS, *a college society whose initiates dress as clowns*

ELIZABETH SELWYN, DORIS DENHAM, MISS WARING, } *Seniors in Blair University*
MRS. WARING, *née Denham*
MRS. HARDY, *née Selwyn*
ARTEMIS, *Grecian Goddess impersonated by Miss Selwyn*
ATHENE, *Grecian Goddess impersonated by Miss Denham*
MISS BROOKS
VICTORIA, *a girl*
MRS. POLLOCK, MRS. VAN SCHUSTER, } *Politicians*
ANNETTE, *a servant*
WOMEN FACTORY WORKERS
STUDENTS, CO-EDS
WOMEN POLITICIANS

THE PLACE

The United States of America

THE TIME

ACT I. To-day.
ACT II. The same.
ACT III. Twenty years in the future.
ACT IV. Twenty-three years in the future.
ACT V. To-day.

THE COSTUMES

As this drama gives a picture of a dream world, the dress of the characters should be as striking, picturesque, and beautiful as is possible, patterned after the costumes of the past in respect to silken hose, mantles, and feathered hats for the men, and properly harmonious costumes for the women, but offering, also, suggestions of the possible dress of the future. The Fool and the Skulls are in motley. The dress of Ormazd is white, while that of Ahriman is red; and, as the play develops, the one becomes more and more brilliant while the other becomes more and more dingy. As there is a gradual evolution of the followers of Ormazd, and a gradual degeneration of the followers of Ahriman, the costumes of the characters should show this change. The college professors, trustees, and university authorities are dressed in caps and gowns to indicate their respective positions.

ARGUMENT

That life is a dream has been a fiction of the poets since the beginning; that a dream can express life is the plot of this drama.

Francis Hardy and Victor Waring, two philosophical students of Blair University, obtain the statues of the Gods Ormazd and Ahriman, and, after the ceremony of the unveiling, which is the conclusion of the song before the curtain goes up, Hardy dreams that, in a discussion with Waring, they call upon the statues to come to life, and tell them what Truth is, and solve for them the problems of existence, Love, Ambition, Religion; and, as it is a dream, the miracle happens.

The action of the drama consists in the unfolding of the lives of its characters under the patronage of the Gods. Nature is unveiled, life revealed, and reality made to stand out above appearances; yet it is all a dream.

ACT I

ACT I

(*While the curtain is down, students sing*).

Play, play, play the work we take!
Care, care, care away!
A jolly fake is what will make
The dullest night a day!

Joke, joke, joke on Prof. and Frat.
Work, work, work delay!
'Tis this and that and other chat
Until the dawn of day!

Night, night, night 'tis you above
Day, day, day that's bright!
Our life we prove with songs of love!
Good night! Good night! Good night!

SCENE I: *The scene is a reception room in a Greek letter fraternity house.*

Beginning at entrances, one on each side of the stage, and reaching far out on the stage, are dull green hangings, meeting similar hangings on each side of the stage, extending up to entrance three, and ending

in similar hangings at the back. About the room are athletic trophies, banners, and other evidence of college life. In the center of the stage is a table arranged as if a feast had just taken place.

Hardy is discovered returning from up stage, after bidding the departing guests good night. Waring is sitting on the right of the table. Both are dressed in picturesque costumes, Waring affecting light, Hardy dark colors.

As the curtain goes up, the hangings on the sides of the room part and disclose the undraped statues of Ormazd of white marble on the right, and Ahriman of red marble on the left. The lights on the stage are not natural, and brighten to the accompaniment of dreamlike music.

HARDY

Why enter on discussion now of all
The theories of life?

WARING

That was the program.

HARDY

I'd rather make a night of it in feast
And song!

WARING

That you have done!

HARDY

Do not reproach me!

WARING

But then, on this occasion were we not
To settle, once for all, just what Truth is,
And publish, by unveiling these great statues,
Its oneness to the world?

[*Weird music*]

HARDY

You must remember
We differ much in our philosophy!
You base the Truth on dreams, imagination,
Tradition, hope, and what love wants!

WARING

Why not
Allow the hidden force in life its share?
The under-current——

[*Weird music*]

HARDY

No! We hope alike,
But differ in philosophy!

WARING

Quite true!
You take the facts, I intuition! You
Affect the physical, materialism——

HARDY

What is there else to take?

WARING

Had we the faith
Of them of old, the secrets of the world
Would be revealed! Were we to clasp our hands,
[*Weird music*]
Shut out the world, and look within ourselves,
Then should we see what Nature is! The All
Would be revealed!
[*Music climax*]

HARDY

Are we so in accord
With things to-day?

WARING

We are! The world of old
Drank deep of this occult philosophy;
But we deny ourselves all truth and power
Save what we demonstrate!
[*Music romantic*]

HARDY

You do beguile me!
I feel as if some hidden force were ours,
Which, when disclosed to us, will open Nature—
Will be a new developed sense! Our quest?

WARING

Rather, the culmination of our years
Of study. You one type of man, and I
Another. You, individualistic, I
Religious. You believe in might and force,

The subtle ways of doing things—the art,
The tricks, the schemes, the wiles and subterfuges.
You are the principle of opposition,
And I of peace!

HARDY

In Nature, everywhere,
I see two things, two lives, and only two!
Free will gives us the choice!

WARING

And Nature lives
Through their eternal war! But every power
That Man has e'er invoked through hope of gain,
Or feared through faith, since consciousness began,
Still lives; and, if approached in proper form,
Will duly serve him! Not by some magic cult;
[*Weird music*]
It is because the growth of Nature finds
In us the long-sought end of evolution;
Its perfect form! As lip to lip makes love,
So hand to hand completes the unity
That opens Nature!
[*Weird music swells out*]

HARDY

You entrance me! Ah!
Were I to touch your hand, I feel the veil
Would lift, and we should stand aface to face
With things! Let us experiment!
[*Weird music increases*]

WARING

The course
Of Nature shows a time must come on Earth
When things will know themselves, and all that was,
And is, and shall be, will appear one thing,
Nature aface with self!

HARDY

But how explain
Our being so diverse, we see alike?

WARING

The pow'r that makes it, not the hindrance!

HARDY

Ah!
I see!

WARING

'Tis by our union that we know!
The pow'r exists within ourselves, and not
In Nature! Chance might have discovered it!
[*Weird music*]

HARDY

Oft have I wondered how in some far age
The Race would know what Nature is! I did
Not dream it would occur in me!

WARING

Nor I
In me! 'Tis in the union of our type!
[*Weird music continues*]

HARDY

So simple?

WARING

Yes; as when the first ape-man
Descended from the tree!

HARDY

Or joined a sound
On to a thing!

WARING

Or clothed his back
With skins!

HARDY

Or took some step in human progress,
No matter what!

WARING

We, representing all
The Race in type, now make it one in end
And aim! Let us invoke the hidden life
As symboled in these silent statues!

[*They clasp hands. Weird music swells out*]

Hear,
O spirit of Divinity, ensouled
Within these forms of marble, hear our cries
For knowledge, light! Reveal what Nature is;

Make us aware of what we are; tell us
From whence we came, and whither go—The Why
And Wherefore of existence, speak, O Gods!
And for this favor we do pledge a life
Of service to thy calling!

[*Weird music is terrifying. The statues stand living Gods*]

HARDY

[*Cowers and screams*]
Ah! Ah! Ah!

WARING

Behold! A miracle! A miracle!

[*The statues step down and approach Hardy and Waring*]

ORMAZD

Mortals, your prayers have met with favor! Lo,
Prepare to meet your chosen destiny!

[*Ahriman raises his arms and all is dark. Weird music continues with rushing wind and mysterious sounds*]

SCENE II: *The curtains at the back part and disclose Washington, D. C., in the distance. To the left in front of the Capitol is a crowd of miniature men dressed in black; to the right a similar crowd in light. As the characters speak on the stage the figures move accordingly.*

ORMAZD

Mortals, the common lot of Man now see,
And seeing choose, your freedom being this:
To turn the trend of energy to Good
Or Bad, a power so slight that naked eye
Cannot detect the increment deciding,
Yet not unfair; for, in the eyes of All,
The thing that weighs is principle, not deeds!

AHRIMAN

Mortals, choose well, choose sure, remembering
That which you gain you have, can clasp! Do not
Forsake yourselves for greater things! Hold firm
To common sense, accept naught but the real—
The toys of touch, of taste, of smell and eye!
For self-development, and not self-sacrifice
Should be your choice! So speaks the world of science,
Philosophy! All Art is likewise motived;
And all successful living! So be wise!

WARING

[*To Hardy*]

It is quite simple after all?

HARDY

No! No!

ORMAZD

Spread out before you is the world in all
Its glory! There behold yourselves in vision!

When near the Capitol designing men,
Appearing undesigning, take your hand
In welcome overdone; while there, beyond,
Are other men open and innocent!
The first are of the world, suspecting, bold,
Audacious, cunning, cruel, and successful,—
These fear, mistrust, avoid! The other men
Are uninviting when looked at with the eye
Of sense alone! Let not appearances
Trick you! For Nature, seen by partial glances,
A struggle for existence seems; when looked
At with the eye of Hope, the Mind of Faith,
It is a triumph of the Good, the True,
The Beautiful! Like sunshine, which produces
The life of Nature silently, the victories
Of Good form not the annals of the day,
Are met with unconcealed indignity
Instead; and yet the mockers are outjested,
For, when all's weighed, the busy work of life
Is froth upon the river of existence!
I cannot promise you a sure success,
But that escape from failure which ensues,
In spite of all, if you do not elect
The proper path in life! And, if you choose
Aright, there is no failure; for, amidst
The haps of Chance, 'tis purposed that success
And failure lie in what we are, and not
In what we do! So, if you choose aright,
You win, no matter what becomes of you!

But, if your choice is ill, however great
Success you gain, you meet with failure! So,
Howe'er misjudged, I conjure you, admire,
Love, imitate, and choose the Light!—And Think!

AHRIMAN

Nay, hear me first! The Dark are strong, and brave,
Adventurous; beloved alike by men
And women! Theirs a life of fullness; while,
As all admit, the others never venture far
Enough aside the path to know just what
Things are! The world up till to-day has lived
In dreams! You know that which you are is due
To Nature! Life's a contract which explains
Itself the way it has been carried out;
And no amount of Revelation, good or bad,
Should ever blind your eyes to what you see!
And what you find, should be your guide in life;
For Nature is the only true expression
Of what things are! Let Nature be your guide
In principle; you its complete director
In all! The partnership thus formed will bring
You everything, if you attend to business!

ORMAZD

Be sure your view comprises all of Nature—
The hidden soul of Man; the depths of Space;
The scope of Time! Trace Nature in Mankind,

Religion, Love, in Selfishness! See Good
Evolve from Evil! Find the widest Plan
Employing force, and thus developing
Another Plan, which in its turn, discovers
The Purpose of the whole which shows to us
That human hopes are glimpses at the Cause
Of things which will some day be seen, unclouded,
In all His wholeness! Search throughout the world,
But stop not till you reach this higher goal!
Choose! Match your nature in the picture! Choose!

AHRIMAN

Your first impression may not be the best!
Appearances may be deceptive! Choose!

HARDY

[*Pointing to dark figures*]
I do not like the air, the somber looks
Of these mistrustful men! Why friendship there,
Instead of being giv'n, is bought with favor!
[*Pointing to light figures*]
The others, like a cloud adrift, are fine;
But ineffectual! I choose the first!
[*Weird music*
In miniature he is lost in the crowd of dark men]

WARING

And I the second; for despite their innocence,
Their lives are sure, unworldly wise, but pure
Of purpose! The butts of sacrifice or not,
Their life is life to me!

[*Weird music*

In miniature he goes to the group of light men. The light and dark figures mingle in conflict. Out of the light group the figure of Dr. Andrews goes towards the Capitol. Weird music reaches a climax. Ahriman lifts his arms and the scene disappears in darkness and the curtains close. Lights come on faintly]

ORMAZD

Your choices made,
You now must part forever!

HARDY

We pledged ourselves
To study Nature in its hidden forms!

WARING

To join
Together what we are in one supreme
Endeavor, thus to understand the heart
Of things! You Gods have battled always, now

Why can you not become as one of us,
And through the night and day of living write
For us in fact what Nature is? Since Time
Began stood you aloof! Come, join our life,
Our studies, struggles, not as Gods, but men;
Show us the worth of what you are! Defend
Your names 'gainst being deaf to endless prayers,
Unfriendly to mankind except a few!
Clear up the maze of legend and tradition,
Of Scripture, myth; and let us have the Truth;
That statement of the facts which will outlive
All Time!

HARDY

And teach us how to cope with Nature;
To use the elements the one true way!
Rid us of fear; the dread of pain; and tell
Us what we may expect within the room
That knows no exit! Give us peace of mind;
Drive out old Want; grant us a standing-place
Upon the Earth that will not give!

AHRIMAN

Ha! Ha!
They would become as Gods!

ORMAZD

That will occur!
So much to them! Nothing to us!

AHRIMAN

I hoped
Another age would pass ere Man would seek
The light, prefer to serve in darkness, blind
By choice! But this is once surprise awaits me!

ORMAZD

How best can we assist these seeking mortals?
Attend them in their daily life, stand by,
Instruct, inspire wherein their teachers fail;
And see them carry out their choice in life—
In love, in lore, in labor in the world;
And that their prayers may be fulfilled, help them
Be rid of trammels, customs, ruts——

AHRIMAN

[*Not desiring it*]

And make
Them free in living!

ORMAZD

Not only them but all
The world they come in contact with shall profit.

HARDY

[*To Waring*]

What shall we first attain? We would know all!

AHRIMAN

Mortals, with this first vision of the world
Denied to other beings, you, perhaps,

Now think there is some magic way to knowledge!
As mortals you began, so must you end!

ORMAZD

Before we enter on our quest of Truth,
There is one hostage, we require! Nay, two!
But one in purpose! Mental honesty,
And moral courage! Fair to know the Truth,
And brave to speak it!

AHRIMAN

[*Sorrowfully*]
This is the coming Man!

BOTH

[*Weird music*]
We pledge ourselves to this high calling!

ORMAZD

'Tis well!

AHRIMAN

[*Doubtfully*]
Perhaps!

ORMAZD

Let's show these seeking mortals,
Since first adventurous atoms married,
We Gods have always been in opposition
So planets might exist for Life and Mind;
That evolution might become a fact,
The acme of creation other than

A possibility! Let us explain
To them and to their little world of thought
The meaning of the words that now obscure
Their view of Nature, making them prefer
An empty dream to actual life!

AHRIMAN

[*Fearfully*]

Thus take
Another step in living?

ORMAZD

Yes! Unveil

[*Weird music*]

The face of Nature, teach them how to see
Reality!

[*There is a tremendous burst of music, full of joy, yet weirdness, and the lights shine about them as a kind of transfiguration. When the music stops, Ahriman lifts his arms and there is sudden darkness*]

SCENE III. *All the hangings fold, showing in front on each side of the stage loggias leading into college buildings, but arranged as open recitation rooms. A curtain presenting a college campus scene is dropped between entrances two and three. Lights appear in the loggia at the left where Dr. Hawtry is*

assembling a class. Ormazd, Ahriman, Hardy, Waring, and others are discovered. Students stroll across the stage. Lights dreamlike. Music weird but romantic.

HARDY

Your statement is too trite. Why we could read
As much in any scientific book!
We want to know the Truth!

[*Ormazd lifts his arms and there is an added light*]

WARING

Just what things are!

HAWTRY

Young gentlemen, don't speak so loud, I pray!
The most explosive thing in all the world
Is knowledge! Shh!

[*Music full of fear. Lights waver. He goes back in the loggia and listens at a door*]

ORMAZD

No wonder that Mankind
Is ignorant!

[*Ormazd lifts his arms and there is an added light. Music weird*]

AHRIMAN

The wonder is, I think,
So lucrative is Error, that Mankind
Knows anything!

HAWTRY

I seem elated, free!
My whole life through, I've had one care to couch
My thought in unsuspected words; to speak
The Truth so Orthodoxy, lying await,
Could not uptrip me. Now, I'm free! Free!
Free!
How poor is language made to hide the Truth,
When used to speak it! Ah! Time was I feared
I should express too much, but now alas!
My soul trained in hypocrisy is dumb!
[*Gives way to feelings*]

HARDY

[*To Ahriman*]
We hold you to your promise!

HAWTRY

Let me go!

WARING

[*To Ormazd*]
We ask your help! Show us the way! If one

Cannot vouchsafe the Truth, why we demand
Another.

[*Ormazd lifts his arms and there is an increase of light and the music takes on a more joyous tone. Dr. Andrews enters from the loggia with several students. The Fool, followed by the Skulls, enters from the left first entrance*]

HARDY

[*To Ormazd*]
If he does not succeed, then we
Exact of you to lift the veil of Nature!

FOOL

[*As if only partly aroused*]
What?

WARING

[*Paying no attention to Fool*]
What use are Gods if not to make the scheme
Of things as simple as that two plus two
Are four!

FOOL

Desist! What would you do?

WARING

Explain
The secrets of the Universe!

FOOL

Ha! Ha!
They are unknowable!

WARING

[*To Ormazd*]
Your promise, Sire!

ORMAZD

[*Motioning Hawtry away and Andrews to the chair*]
Attend! Proceed!

ANDREWS

The first to understand
Is Man,—likewise the last! Each study adds
A light to all, while any one pursued
Too closely ends in darkness. The general view
Makes whole illuminate the part. The time
Will come on Earth when all will be revealed
By each and each by all in unity!
Man differs from the animal. The brute
Opposes Nature; Man controls it. Man
Creates his own environment; his brother
Is made by it through struggle and resistance;
Accommodates himself to things; becomes
Extinct if he meet failure once! But Man,
The end and aim of Nature here on Earth,
Becomes another Nature using Nature
To build a world to suit his God-like self,

And Nature-like, opposes joy with woe
In spite of all that he can do! 'Tis sad
For in this one experiment in life,
Evil, as a by-product of the Good,
Slips in; and then the first misfortune grows!
Man's predilection for what he creates—
His hobbies, institutions and beliefs—
Becomes a second Nature, makes him miss
The pith of living; for it abrogates
All else, resulting in a world of parasites,
Who supersede what Nature has attained
By crowding on to youth a knowledge-bag
To last for life! You might as well try eat
Enough by twenty-one that in the years
To come you could forego all further food!
Once let these doctors fill the bag, your brain,
Then afterward you see the whole of life
With artificial head, and not the one
That Nature makes for all her other creatures!
Know then that Man is youthful in self-guidance,
Should not exult so sure of having found
The way! When he was certain once before,
A way proclaimed as God's, 'twas then he failed
Outright, attested by the Age of Faith,
The night in which the treasures of the Race
Were lost; for then it was Mankind preferred
The vision of a saint to all the Art,
And thought of Greece, the law of Rome—the kind
Of life we strive to realize to-day!

Let us beware! Who knows? Our glory yet
May end in shame; Nature cannot be thwarted;
But Man can go astray, and illustrate
The tragedy of living!

FOOL

'Tis heresy
Upon its face!

[*Music discordant. Lights waver. Skulls crowd about him*]

HARDY

Let him conclude!

ORMAZD

Peace! Peace!

HARDY

Be more explicit! Speak in language all
Can understand!

[*Ormazd raises his arms and there is more light. Ahriman steps back that his egging on of the Fool may not be seen*]

WARING

We wish to know the heart
Of things!

FOOL

He does not speak for me!

SKULLS

Nor us!

FOOL

He robs us of all hope!

HARDY

Gives you the Truth
Instead! A fair exchange!

FOOL

'Twould be if true;
But Truth with you means lies to us!

SKULLS

Aye! Aye!

[*Ahriman tries to agitate the Fool, but to keep the others from seeing him. Music is weird*]

HARDY

The Truth is axiomatic——

FOOL

No! No!

SKULLS

No!

HARDY

And proves itself if properly expressed!

ORMAZD

Peace! Peace! How can the Truth hurt anyone?
[*Music beautiful. Lights bright but unnatural*]

ANDREWS

If you attend you shall be satisfied!
Science knows nothing of the Beautiful;
As little of artistic form. It seeks
Utility and Truth. It bases all
Upon reality. You see the star
Whirl in the endless deep so far away,—
A Solar System seems a point! You watch
The planets and the asteroids revolve
About the central Sun! The satellites
In mimic flight forever try to clasp
The mother planet as, disdainfully,
She says: "Make of yourself a world!" This pageant
Is Nature in its forms colossal, grand!
The atoms in this piece of chalk act so;
Are whirling points, poised firmly as fixed solids;
Yet could the eye in some mysterious way
Discern their mechanism, it too would be
A Solar System infinitely small!

All Nature is one thing, one plan, one type!
I hold a Universe within my hand!
Now, if the atom is the primal fount
Whence flows all energy; we must reform
Our concept of the scheme of things to match
The facts. All matter seemingly attracts;
But it is only in appearance. The Law
Of Gravitation is a formula
That shows how matter is distributed
Through Space. 'Tis similar to angles, points,
And lines, which are related by a law
That never varies, yet are uncontrolled
By any force. The power that moves all matter
Is centered in the atoms, not the mass;
And they, instead of acting from afar,
Are centers of contending energies,
Which hold them in their places, in their forms,
Until the process Nature is producing
Attains its end! The final clash of worlds,
Which terminates each system, forces out
The atom from the center to the rim,
Thence it is falling to the central Sun;
Not like the rays of light straight to the point
So swift that Time can scarcely note, or Space
Accommodate; but as the boomerang
A trillion years in spiral flight;
Thus giving Nature all the time it needs
To wind up life from atom on to Man,
The spiral growing less until occurs

Again the one supreme catastrophe
That ends all in atomic mist; and then
Begins another system, Phœnix-like,
Out of the ashes of the old, the same
Occurring o'er and o'er and everywhere
Throughout the depths of Space immeasurable,
Through distant æons only seen in vision;
Or through a science yet to come!

HARDY

'Tis grand!

FOOL

More like sheer nonsense!

SKULLS

Aye! Aye! Aye!

FOOL

But what
Of Newton's law, the wonder of the world?
[*Skulls approve the question. Ahriman eggs them on*]

ANDREWS

The Ptolemaic system once again,
A backward reading of the facts of Nature!
The atom ring flies to the central Sun,

Not by attraction, but by spiral flight,
With coping forces balanced as a sail,
Taking a trillion years to reach its port!
  Because the bodies of the Universe
Sustain exact relations does not prove
That energy binds them together, no more
Than energy keeps them apart. In fact
The force we see in comet darting past
The Earth is force repellent, not attractive!
  It stands to reason that the orbs of space
Would have some way to keep themselves from harm;
Repellent force is this defensive war!
The proper motion of the stars is fixed
By radiant energy. Each one pursues
Its destined course in Space, taking the line
Of least resistance as its general law,
And never interfering with a neighbor,
Throughout Space infinite, unending Time!
  Nature is mathematical; that is all!
[*Music discordant. Lights darken*]

FOOL

I call a halt!

HARDY

Why thought is free in all
The lower sciences!

FOOL

Yes; but what I fear
Is that it be extended to the whole
Of life!

SKULLS

Aye! Aye!

HARDY

You should not judge a man
Until you've heard him!

WARING

Give Truth a chance!

FOOL

Enough!

ANDREWS

[To Fool]
A biased judgment makes a man condemn
The thing he should uphold, and praise the thing
He should condemn; thus he becomes his own
Worst enemy, a mental suicide!
[To the Students]
Resolve the Universe into its parts:
We find two forces—radiant that throws
All matter out; its opposite that brings
It back! They run throughout the Universe!

Nature's a repetition of itself!
One force repeats the body, while the other
Alters it. All that each one accomplishes
Is to repeat itself, the one within
The other; the double repetition makes
All movement, and all fixity as well:
For when the forces equalize, the form
Becomes a moving balance as is seen
By all in things diverse and unallied
As Solar Systems, Life, Society;
And yet each form is held alike! We find
The One is mother to the Many! Kinship
In law and substance, Time and Space, produce
The same results throughout the Universe!
Things vary with the process of the form.
We note a stone forever is a stone.
The outside energy repeats itself,
But cannot change the inner repetition!
Not so the plastic forms of higher life!
They vary as the form develops upward;
Are pelted into shape by outside forces;
And when they reach Humanity, control
The outside and the inner forces, make
Them follow lines of pure economy;
And thus attain perfection!

FOOL

Absurd as Chance!
'Tis false!

SKULLS

'Tis more than false!

HARDY

It seems
To me to be the Truth! If there be aught
But matter and its forms, I've studied Nature
To no purpose!

WARING

But you have only heard
The physical! Each mind surveys the world
And from its ken pronounces on the whole!
Let us attend another chair. My views
May find expression, for I hold the Truth
Cannot be bounded by the physical!

[*A recitation bell rings. Lights go out in the loggia. Dr. Andrews goes in. Music weird, but beautiful. Students come down the steps preparatory to leaving*]

AHRIMAN

'Tis so the smug would teach its lesson! Ha!
I know a better way and would observe it!
Stay! Bolt this class for one of mine! Ha! Ha!

[*The center of the stage becomes light. Students of both sexes cross and recross. The class lingers about Ahri-*

man and Ormazd. Waring and Fool remain, but Hardy goes up stage]

MISS SELWYN

[*At the back of stage*]
'Tis good to meet you, Mr. Hardy!

HARDY

Thanks!
For once the wish and fact are found together!

[*They stand and talk, forming a picture. Ahriman and Waring stand apart. The class is farther down the stage to the left. Ahriman puts his arm on Waring's shoulder, and, as a kind of object lesson, points to Miss Selwyn and Hardy. The students are spectators. The music is weird and dreamlike. Lights faint*]

AHRIMAN

Mayhap this lesson is outside the course!
We must take lessons as they come. You see
Her look; and note the sweetness of her voice
So uncalled for! If words were worth so much,
And she were held to only ten, forsooth,
She would not make more of them! This is——

WARING

Love?

AHRIMAN

Ha! Ha! Woman!

ORMAZD

Nay, Nature!

AHRIMAN

Best expressed
In woman!

WARING

But, why not say love?

AHRIMAN

[*To Waring in a low tone*]

Say love?
She loves him not! I saw her eyes on you;
And in a glance, they told me it was you
She loves!

[*Music full of sweetness, but weird*]

WARING

If so—I cannot think—you say
She loves me! Me? It can't be so! My heart
Is leaping from my breast! But something bids
Me question what you say! Forgive me, Sire,
I do not understand, explain, explain!

AHRIMAN

[*Whispers to Waring*]

You are the atom trembling to embrace
Before you sacrifice yourself in yielding!
'Tis all there is of human liberty!

WARING

If so, I'll see the drama to the end!

AHRIMAN

And so will I!

[*Waring goes to Hardy and Miss Selwyn, meeting Miss Denham. Ahriman comes down stage meeting Ormazd*]

ORMAZD

Let us provide a scene
To please the eye, the lesson then will be
The better!

AHRIMAN

If not better, bitter! Ha!

[*Weird music*]

Now, Fool, you listen, for who knows for sure
What teaching you may have to do in life!

FOOL

I'd rather be self-taught than your disciple!

[*Ahriman lifts his arms and all is dark.*

Weird music. In the distance is heard a college yell, ghostlike]

STUDENTS

Blair! Blair! Blair!
Where! Where! Where!
There! There! There!
On the top and on the stair! Men of Blair!
Going up everywhere! Everywhere!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Blair! Blair! Blair!

SCENE IV: *The front of the stage remains the same, but the curtain at the back rises, and shows a sorority house backed by a curtain which when lighted represents a night scene. Around the house is a balcony, with a stairway leading to a similar balcony on the second story. As the center of the stage lightens, Miss Selwyn seats herself on a rustic bench, Hardy at her side. Down the stage to the right are Waring and Miss Denham sitting on another rustic bench reading a book. Dr. Hawtry, Ormazd, Ahriman, Fool, Skulls, and students are spectators. There is some light about each couple, and as the characters speak, it increases. The lights and music dreamlike.*

WARING

[*Lowering his book*]
There is no poetry to-day!

MISS DENHAM

The words
Of early Man alone are such, and such
His life!

WARING

I think that poetry requires
A view of Nature quite outgrown!

MISS DENHAM

And yet,
Sometimes, I dream that could we only throw
Aside the thousand things which go to make
Up life, yet form no part of it—the prose
Of living little actions, all that Art
Neglects in its supreme expression—life
Would be poetic!

WARING

If you'd unveil the face
Of Beauty, Life would be a poem!

MISS DENHAM

[*Dreamily*]

Ah! Yes!

[*Light appears about Ahriman, Ormazd, and the students. Music dreamlike. Ormazd and Ahriman use the couples as object lessons*]

AHRIMAN

[*Pointing at Waring*]

Poor fool! Could he but see beneath her words,
He would find love rebelling in her heart,
Because denied a hearing, save as stolen!
No one except Divinity can read
Love's ruses, lovers being quite oblivious
Of them!

ORMAZD

[*To class*
Music modulates into discord]

If love were not a mystery,
The sexes could not meet except to blush
How Nature treated them! But love to-day
Becomes a thousand things save what is love—
All beautiful, all sweet, all good, all pure;
So never understood until, like Death,
Too late; and then the comedy, to all
But victims, is a tragedy!

FOOL

Nay! Nay!
Love is the song of living sung by Youth!
It is the only story Man will read!
It is as sacred as the breath of life!

AHRIMAN

Peace! After seeing all of life, then speak,
For Truth is rudeness to the ignorant!

[Ormazd raises his arms, and there is additional light about Miss Selwyn and Hardy. Everything is dream-like. Music discordant]

ORMAZD

Love is the primal binding force of Nature!
I will explain the scene for you. Observe,
In passing her a flow'r, he gently lets
His vagrant fingers press an airy kiss
Upon her unsuspecting hand—that's love!
His eyes, two guilty consciences, express
The truth his lips dissemble, that is love!
'Tis so that love entwines the halves of life
Making them one! The sweetest thing in all
The world of sweets! All beautiful when looked
At with the eyes of youth [*warningly*] yet sacrificing,
The individual to social purpose! Is
There aught that's beautiful in feeding kine?
In flowers licking up the watered soil?
The last is marriage of the elements
Accomplished by the kissing of the Sun!
The other is the ravishment of plant
By animal, in which the lover truly eats
The loved! These ugly facts are Nature's way
Of joining its divided halves, which toil
To work out stately Evolution's purpose
From atom on to Man, Religion being
The ultimate uniting Pow'r which joins

The static and dynamic elements
Of nations, not in peace to-day, instead,
In anarch war. For Nature will unite
Its parts in loving peace if possible:
If not, then anyway by force, or fraud;
So that the great and greater may be born
In this uniting of the sundered parts
That were divided, so a wider touch
With Nature might take place; so that the stream
Of Life might fit its bed, and upward flow
Until it reach a perfect unity!
The Law of Repetition is the Law
Of Nature, Life, of Mind, Society!
Some day Mankind will see the key of love
Unlock the Universe!

FOOL

All nonsense, all!

AHRIMAN

It takes a fool to teach a fool!

ORMAZD

Let us
Attend their prayer one further step! Observe!

[Ahriman lifts his arms and it is dark about the class, but light appears about Miss Selwyn and Hardy. It is not so light about Miss Denham

and Waring. The students are spectators to the scene]

MISS SELWYN

Why argue further now? I don't believe
In love!

HARDY

I will convince you with a story!
Recall some mighty deed, heroic, grand;
And trace it to its source,—what find you?—Love!
Some poem sublime, revealing hidden beauty;
Some work of Art transcending in its scope
The loftiest flight of genius when inspired!
Some hardship, sacrifice, down to the depths
Of human woe; whence spring these all?—From Love!

MISS SELWYN

I'd rather have less greatness and more service!
If I could love a man, it would be one
Who could divine that moment in my life
At which I needed him the most; not one
Ambitious to be great and tax me for it!
One standing by to shield me from all hurts;
To satisfy my undisclosèd wish;
Some little thing, a flow'r on my desk;
A book I loved, with leaves uncut to tempt me;
The tickets for a play when least expected;

His going at the cloying moment when
Another sight of him would mean revulsion!
Ah, such a man, at least, would be most rare!

HARDY

And such a woman be entrancing!

MISS SELWYN

Ha!
Ha! Ha!

HARDY

Let us be serious!

MISS SELWYN

Then, I'll cease
To talk of love!

HARDY

[*Rising, piqued. Weird music*]
Well, as you will! Excuse
Me, please!
[*Preparing to go*]

MISS SELWYN

With pleasure, sir!
[*They stand forming a picture, and act as if quarreling. Lights brighten about the class. Weird music*]

FOOL

[*To Ahriman*]

I hate to see
This tiff! You are to blame, is my belief!
Of all the "cases" in the class, this one
I liked the best! It did not merit failure!
But now——

AHRIMAN

Be not alarmed! Remember, Fool,
The sweetest love is bitter sugar-coated;
The falsest, true! You read love backwards, Fool,
The way that Nature teaches us to read
Its book, beginning at the end, and then
Unravel what is written best we can!
Love is a load put on by taking off!
A fire that burns when being quenched! A heat
Produced by cold—Antinomy itself!

[*The Fool stands dumfounded. Stage lightens about Waring and Miss Denham. Music full of pain. Students again act as spectators. Miss Selwyn and Hardy are pictures to all. Light dreamlike*]

MISS DENHAM

[*Looking at the other couple*]
A lover's quarrel!

WARING

Do you think she loves—

MISS DENHAM

Loves him? Yes! Why not? He is rich, respected,
Handsome; while she is poor, ambitious; loves
The little things of life; hates work; enjoys
Pure idleness; cares nothing for her neighbor—
Excuse my frankness—what I say is said
In confidence! Elizabeth and I
Are friends—You know the girls dislike her much!
She is so popular——

WARING

You are unjust!

MISS DENHAM

Yes! Yes! I did not mean the half I said!
You will forget it will you not, my friend?
Elizabeth is one of those sweet girls
Who suffer much from being beautiful!
To eyes that understand the privilege
Accorded Beauty as a natural right
Her robberies are not, in fact, true thefts,
But Beauty's tribute levied lawfully!
I knew you were her friend, I did not think——

WARING

That I—love her!

MISS DENHAM

[*Pained at his confession*]
No! No!

WARING

Thanks for the doubt!
[*The couples join each other and converse. Light shines about Ahriman, Ormazd, Fool, and others*]

FOOL

As fine a story as experience
Affords! They part but only to re-pair!
Why don't you laugh? Is not such luck enough
To make Gods laugh?

AHRIMAN

Love's funny when it's true!

FOOL

Is this not true?

AHRIMAN

As love, yes!

FOOL

Is it true?

AHRIMAN

Love's never fair in its exchange! Its gold
Is counterfeit, or dross! Justice and love

Are never linked! It is a world apart
In Nature where men prize hypocrisy
Above real virtue! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*Lifts his arms, and all is dark. Lights appear in the loggia at the right. Dr. Andrews assembles class in sociology. The room is full of students. Ahriman and Ormazd act as guests. Music weird, but grand*]

ANDREWS

In honor of our visitors, to-day,
We shall discuss the greater truths of life
Instead of elementary work.

AHRIMAN

[*Bowing*]

You honor us!

HARDY

We wish to know just what you think undarked
By symbol, allegory, faith! Your thought
As you yourself think it!

WARING

Inform us what
Your pondering on Life's problems has revealed!
Express yourself regardless of the School,
The Church, the State, the Press, the world at large—
The plain unbiased Truth is what we want!

FOOL

No! I protest! Demand things spiritual
Shall be discussed as in the past!

SKULLS

Aye! Aye!

HARDY

[*To Fool*]

You have no part in this! What vice in Nature
Gives you the censorship of thought?

AHRIMAN

He took
It for the good of Man!

FOOL

The Truth! The Truth!

WARING

Wherein
The good? More like the bad!

AHRIMAN

No! But for Fools
And Knaves a certain goodness would become
So fixed that all achievement would be barred!
The Fool breaks down the barrier blindly; while
The Knave, more like a trappèd brute, is free
At any cost! Luther, good man, God knows,
Was helped to freedom by his love y-clept
Sensual desire; while England's King, the loved

Defender of the Faith, bought Liberty
With Vice!

FOOL

I am the measure of the world;
Fit me, you meet success! 'Tis I who fight
The brainless wars! 'Tis I who pay to see
The Moon re-hung; to have the stars foretell
My life and make me drunk on words! I do
The world's work for nothing but a living!
You would decry the fool? Who is the Fool?
You ask. No one inquired in Shakespeare's day;
They had a player whom the rabble howled
To see; and when the drama dragged, the Fool
Came on! 'Tis so to-day in everything!

WARING

Why argue, Fool? Let Nature be unveiled!

FOOL

His thought but darkens Nature, not unveils it!

WARING

Which shows enlightenment conclusively
Through your objection!

FOOL

[*Pointing to Dr. Andrews*]
If he does not comply
With his position, I object; that's all!
[*Lights dream-like. Music beautiful*]

ANDREWS

This is the Truth: The mind of Man, however
small
Or undeveloped, catches some faint glimpse
Of what the highest mind beholds completely!
So in theology, a classic once,
The first edition of the Truth, we read
The story of the Father, and believe it;
Yet Science, with the added light of years,
Knows that it overlooks the use of Evil,
And puts a rival in the field with God,
Thus mooting questions that cannot be solved
Upon this premise!

FOOL

Outspoken heresy!

HARDY

How solve the problem, Fool?

FOOL

Do not propound it!

HARDY

Give him no thought!

ORMAZD

Proceed!

HARDY

And if the Fool
Does not keep quiet, we will put him out!

FOOL

You can't! I'm like the Earth on which we stand;
Humanity and I are one!

[*Skulls concur. Ormazd raises his arms and there is more light. Music profound*]

ANDREWS

Divinity
Has been defined as Spirit imminent
In Nature, yet not Nature! Invoked as Mind—
A state of nervous tissue in the brain
Produced by endless pelting of the forces
Surrounding it, stored in evolving forms!
While others say there is an Absolute,
A perfect Self from whence all things proceed!
A moment's notice of these theories
Will show that imperfection from Perfection
Cannot come, hence Perfection is the end,
And not the means!

FOOL

Hear all! I will not stand
This heresy!

ORMAZD

You battle for the Old
Against the New! What you prize most to-day,
He teaches; yet because it is not couched

In mental forms long dead, you cannot see
The Truth!

HARDY

Do you know what he means? No! No!

FOOL

Yes! Yes!

[*Skulls concur*]

ORMAZD

Let not the pious arrogate
Perfection to themselves! They are Melitus;
[*Pointing to Andrews. Music troubled*]
He, Socrates; and as Melitus thought
He did the world a service, so think they!
The time has come when Socrates must try
Melitus! Speak, for you are free!

FOOL

No! No!
I will not stand for heresy!
[*Music discordant. Lights waver*]

HARDY

Do you
Know what he means? Answer!

FOOL

That's why I now
Object! I am indignant! Why should I
Stand mute and see the Faith I love with all

My heart explained away when I can stop
It with a word?

HARDY

Fool, you misjudge your power!

FOOL

Well, you shall see. I represent the world!
[*Ormazd raises his arms and there is added light*]

ORMAZD

Peace! Peace! The Truth has no respect for Error!
Proceed!

ANDREWS

We are a part of all somehow
Self-conscious—

HARDY

See! The Fool intimidates him!
[*Ormazd raises his arms and the Fool is thrown back*]

ANDREWS

I take the Jewish myth instead of Grecian
Because you know it best. Mankind, as Nature,
Is everywhere the same, goes through the same
Development! The clan, the gens, the tribe
Are everywhere! The Roman priest was right;

He saw his God in every God he found!
And some day we shall see the heart of Man
Is one; and true Religion is the same
No matter what it worships, where or when!
We cannot see the plainest facts that speak
To us! The breast that we would lay our heads
Upon is Man's not God's! Not that Mankind
Should be a God to worship as of old
But that through it, we realize our prayers,
Our hopes, our aspirations—all that God
Is to us! Could Mankind but know that ere
The planet dies the Human Race will act
As one in its brave fight for Life with Earth's
Inhospitable crust; then it, perhaps,
Would see the folly of outlived beliefs,
And hopes, the mental rubbish of the ages!
Know this: The only way that Life could reach
Perfection was through Death! Each body hands
Life down, adding its increment of growth!
If Death did not exist, then being would
Not rise above the Inorganic World,
The ages through the wide-world o'er! Some Hand
Did guide our soul from protoplasmic form
Up to the birth of Reason; now, think you,
That in the ending darkness, you will be
Deserted? Such a crazèd fate is fathered
By Supersititon, not Enlightenment!

For Science teaches perfect trust in Nature,
And not a fact, if rightly understood
Doubts it! Life is the transient interval
Of conscious being which all Nature strives
To gain, so it may have a Mind to see,
A Heart to feel; so that which Nature took
A trillion years to make with its crude means
Might be accomplished in an hour! 'Tis proved
The Universe is nothing but a Plan
Arranged so life like ours, will some day come
To all attendant planets of the stars!
God has been so besmirched by those who use
His name the word when on our lips makes us
Misunderstood! The Truth cannot be masked
In worn-out forms much longer, for Mankind
With its fine sense of Justice will demand
A reckoning; and then inaugurate
A form of Life, based on Mankind and Nature,
With only that inherent need of struggle
Essential to existence and Perfection!

FOOL

Oh! Oh! 'Tis blasphemy! 'Tis blasphemy!
He is not teaching what our creed has taught us
From childhood up! Besides, if you applaud,
Why, I denounce! This heresy must stop!

ANDREWS

[*To Ormazd*]
Expel him from the room!

FOOL

[*To Andrews*]

You triumph now,
But wait! I'll rouse the Founders, have them charge
You with rank heresy, blasphemy! And throw
You out of your position to the gutter
Where you belong! Wait! Wait!

[*Exeunt Fool and Skulls*]

AHRIMAN

The Fool is worse
Than Knave!

[*Ormazd lifts his arms. The lights brighten; deep music*]

ANDREWS

The heart of Man has found expression
In forms that he could understand, as seen
In allegory, symbol, type, until
The cult obscured the Truth by being taken
For it! The thing to be explained as fact,
Our double nature, baffles us, because
Our social nature raises up black monsters
To scare our individuality
Into submission; while, if we explain,
Through sacrifice, our social nature, then
Our individuality blinds us
By making Selfishness the God of all!

Between the two, we are bewildered so
Our life becomes a double mystery!

[*Weird music and lights grow dim. Enter Fool and Skulls greatly augmented. They surround Ormazd, Ahriman, Andrews and crowd them off the stage*]

FOOL

I cry hold! Hold!

SKULLS

Down with the blasphemers!

FOOL

Let's crowd them off the Earth! Out with them!

SKULLS

Off, off the Earth

They go!

[*Exeunt off right in a struggling mass. Lights go out. Music weird and discordant. Light appears on the center of the stage, the couples are sitting apart as before*]

HARDY

To please a man you must divine
His hopes! It is true flattery!

MISS DENHAM

You do
Not flatter now?

HARDY

Forgive me, will you not?
I see no cause to judge you harshly, rather
Believe that what you say is true!

MISS DENHAM

My friend,
It takes a woman's mind to understand
A woman!

HARDY

[*As if repeating*]
She loves me—

MISS DENHAM

Undoubtedly!

HARDY

Have you a test?

MISS DENHAM

[*Cunningly*]
As sure as chemist e'er
Devised! Let us invent some simple plan
For me to be with Waring; you with her!
Don't talk of love; but dwell on riches, blood,

Ambition, everything the world holds dear!
No woman cares for sentiment! It succeeds
In books! Be practical with her!

[*A recitation bell rings and Hardy rises*]

HARDY

[*Clasping hands*]
I will! Success!

MISS DENHAM

Success!

HARDY

I must away!

[*Exit left*]

MISS DENHAM

[*Coming down looking at the other couple*]
Where is the wrong in what I do? There's none!
His good would justify my part! His heart's
Desire, left to himself, would never be
Appeased! Besides, in throwing her to him,
I win! My strategy meets its reward;
And in addition saves a worthy man
From failure, for with her his life would be
No less! There's joy in so determining things!

[*Exit left.*

Light brightens about Waring and

Miss Selwyn. Ahriman enters. Another recitation bell sounds and Waring rises. Weird music]

WARING

There is the bell! I must resume the lecture!

MISS SELWYN

At ten to-night! Romance at any age
Is—

WARING

Sweet!

MISS SELWYN

I am your debtor for the word!

WARING

Oh, do not speak of debtor when I owe
The night to you!

MISS SELWYN

I make myself afraid!
To-night at ten!

WARING

I will remember!
[*Exit right*]

MISS SELWYN

Now,
I sympathize with them who wish to go

Both ways, and travel quite a while adown
The tempting path they know they will not take
Just for the sweetness of it! Ah! Ah!
[*Expresses feelings*]
No woman can deny Love's every plea
No matter what she thinks of him!

[*Exit right. Ahriman gloats. Stage darkens. Weird music. Light appears in the loggia on right. Fool greets Hardy and Waring as they enter from the stage*]

FOOL

We've fixed
It up! It's all right now! Where have you been?
I think these strangers cause this heresy.
Ah, here they are!

[*Enter Ahriman and Ormazd from up stage*]

HARDY

That's what the world now thinks!

ORMAZD

The task of teaching is to utter thought
So that it speak the Truth in its three forms:
Fact, symbol, allegory—all in one;
So that each mind, however undeveloped,
May see the Truth; so that the Perfect Mind

When it arrives can reconstruct the past
From out the dust of thought of Savage, Saint,
Savant!

FOOL

We do not want such novelty!
Give us the old beliefs! They satisfy!

HARDY

You make yourself a censorship of thought
And yet confess to knowing least about
The matter in dispute!

FOOL

Whate'er I do
The world is with me for some cause or other!

ORMAZD

[*To Ahriman*]
Peace! Peace! Let us redeem our promise!

ANDREWS

[*Profound music; lights bright*]
The truth that we must sacrifice ourselves
Is seen in many forms, but none so clear
As in the instinct of the martyr's choice!
He saves the Race through sacrifice of self!
This truth is clouded in the Fall of Man!
The time was when the tribe was everything;
The Individual was yet unborn;

Our life to-day a dream as yet undreamed!
Controlled and actuated by Religion,
The Tribe subdued the rest of life; and made
Itself supreme, the Lord of all creation!
A triumph that surpasses all that Man
Has yet achieved! To kill the dreaded Python
In that first day, to conquer Calydonian boar,
And fierce Numean lion in a fight
With naked hands were feats that haughty Man
To-day dare not think of! But with the Tribe
To motive Man, it was accomplished!
The heroes of that day were Gods! And Gods
Are we who sacrifice ourselves to reach
This higher living, the Everlasting Life!
They fought with naked hands; with naked Truth
We conquer! They subdued the physical;
We battle with the mental-moral monster!
They conquered Space; but we will conquer Time,
And realize the end and aim of living!
This wondrous life to them who passed it down
Was christened Paradise, the Golden Age!
One day a chief cried out: "This thing is mine!"
And Selfishness was born with all its vast
Creativeness! Religion fell—not Man—
From its supreme position to a place
In which it rivaled Selfishness and Love,
Giving Humanity three motives 'stead of one,
Thus making possible our life to-day;
And in the end the re-attaining all

This Paradise, and more, through sacrifice
Of Selfishness, and, if need be, of Love!
This perfect Truth all men must know, and then
Be free! 'Tis symboled in the world's religions!
What means Prometheus among the Greeks;
Osiris on the Nile; and Zoroaster
Throughout the East; while in America
Quetzalcoatl fulfills the selfsame type?
No matter where or when we look upon
The Race, we find the same development.
'Tis History in a word and Science too!
Saint Paul has told the story in the *Christos*
In whom we live and move and have our being;
As did Isaiah in God's Suffering Servant!
But it was pictured best of all in One
Portraying life in allegoric symbol,
Redeeming Man again to Paradise
By bringing to the world God's Kingdom, not
Through some mysterious atonement,
But in a Life that shows through sacrifice
The way to Peace, to Truth, Perfection!

FOOL

Oh, that mine ears should hear this sacrilege!
And after all I've said and done! [*Can't speak*]
I'll be
Avenged! [*Wildly*] Avenged!

HARDY

How, Fool?

FOOL

A charge before
The Faculty, the Founders, and the Church!
[*Weeps*]

ANDREWS

[*Paying no attention to Fool*]
Religion is the binding force of Life;
Higher than Love as Love is King of Self;
Not theologic cant, but native power,
Beginning with the primal force of matter,
And ending in Religion, that dynamic
Which will in time make all the world one People;
And every Man ambitious to produce
What Nature is attempting in its blind
And wasteful way, the Perfect Man in each
Of us!

FOOL

Materialism in our faces!

ORMAZD

[*Music sublime. Lights bright*]
Nay!
The Truth, the deepest Truth in Nature, hear!

ANDREWS

God is Religion! He acts in many ways,
But always building to the Perfect Life,
By means circuitous to Man; to God

The only way! Because for every push
There is a pull, the Perfect Life is found
Between opposing energies, and not
Within a world of Peace, of Light, and Joy;
But one of Struggle, Darkness, and Despair!
For so the Great are grown, and all that God
Stands for in every version of the Truth
Vouchsafed to Man!

FOOL

[*Music painful. Lights diminish*]
To think that this should come
From this great School!
[*Fool rises up wildly and cries*]
When nothing else will do,
Mob-law is right! Come, men, let's organize,
And cast them forth! [*Exeunt off right*]
[*Music weird and terrific. There is a great noise off right as if a gigantic mob is gathering. Lights lower*]

ORMAZD

[*Going to entrance right*]
Enough! The lesson's o'er!
[*He waves with his arm and the noise subsides and suddenly it darkens. Exit right*]

AHRIMAN

I'll not go yet! I heard a promise made
That I will see fulfilled! This much I share

With Man, I love to see a lover! Ha!
Ha! Ha!

[*He lifts his arms and all is dark. Weird music. Music changes to that of passion. The scene on the full stage is night. The stars show through the curtain at the back. Lights appear in an upper room of the sorority house. Waring, dressed as a romantic lover, runs out on the stage*]

WARING

O, Night, how kind you are to help
Me in my quest! As dear to Love as light
Is to the mind! For Love cannot express
Itself with magic touch except it have
The wand of Darkness ope its lips! [*Sees Miss Selwyn coming*] The Gods
Fulfil their promise! Ah!

[*Miss Selwyn comes down to him hurriedly. Weird music*]

MISS SELWYN

[*Very much agitated*]

I am so frightened!
This is my first adventure of the kind!

WARING

Be not afraid!

[*Ahriman appears down front and*

watches the scene. Waring stands mute, stunned at his seeming success]

MISS SELWYN

[*Not daring to trust herself*]
I must go in! [*Pause*] 'Tis sweet
Of you to gratify my foolish wish!

WARING

[*Losing his timidity*]
And sweet of you to call it sweet! Oh, speak
The word again!

MISS SELWYN

[*Repressing him. He turns downcast*]
No! Leave me now! [*He starts*]
No! Do Not go! [*He stands with his back to her*]
You have not touched my—hand; or said—
Good-night! [*She wished to say: "You have not touched my lips or said you love me!"*]

WARING

[*Puts arms about her. She yields*]
I cannot see your lips; and yet
I feel your breath upon my cheek!

MISS SELWYN

[*Fearing to trust herself further*]
Good-night!
[*Sighs*]

WARING

[*Passionately*]
Oh, lips were made for purpose other than
Mere sighs!

[*Kisses her madly; she yields for a moment. Music full of passion. Lights dream-like*]

MISS SELWYN

[*Trying to release herself*]
I never will forgive you!
[*Music full of pain*]

WARING

Wait
Until I ask you!

[*Kisses her still more madly*]

MISS SELWYN

[*Angrily*]
Again, and I shall scream!
[*Struggles*]

WARING

If you but knew how much I love you, dear!

MISS SELWYN

[*Freeing herself*]
How can I ever speak to you again!

WARING

The language of your lips, and not your words,
Has told the secret of your heart! Good-night!
Forgive me, Sweet! Ah! Ah!

[*Expresses feelings. Runs out. Weird music. Miss Selwyn hastily runs up the steps of the sorority house. A light appears in a window and Miss Denham is seen as a picture. Miss Selwyn turns as if speaking to the departing Waring, off left*]

MISS SELWYN

You call this love?
I'd rather be subjected to a ball
And chain than bound in such a fashion! Ah!
[*Expresses feeling*]
The basest slave that ever groaned could run
Away! One taste of love is all I want!
'Tis well to know just what it is! But give
Me any bond save love! Oh! Oh! The chains,
The hooks! It grapples you and binds, and binds!
If any difference I make in men,
May I be smothered with his kisses, crushed
In his embrace, and be effaced completely;
For that is love! Ah! Ah! [*Expresses feelings ascending the steps. Light goes out in Miss Denham's window. Ahriman looks intently after Miss Selwyn.*

As she is about to go into house, she turns, wavering for a moment, and looks off left, her face softening. Ahriman seems to be fascinating her. The expression of her face changes and, thoroughly conquering herself, she goes into the house. Exit Ahriman. Weird music stops]

CURTAIN

ACT II

ACT II

The setting is the same as at the end of Act I. There is a meeting of the Faculty of Blair University in the loggia at the left, President Romaine presiding. Members of the faculty, trustees, professors, Ormazd, Ahriman, Hardy, Waring discovered. It is in regard to the heresy trial of Dr. Andrews. Music weird. Lights dream-like.

ROMAINE

It came to us to-day that there had been
A grievous indiscretion in free speech
Within our portals, sacred to the Creed,
This fault we would investigate. Good Sirs:
We foster freedom, but as everyone
Should know, it is the word, and not the fact
We prize! Each day we live makes liberty
The more impossible in college life.
'Tis an advertisement, which, to make good,
Would extirpate at once, and totally,
The fruitful dogmas that our Founders cherish!
Charges will be preferred, and trial held,
And then the faulty one will be dismissed!

HAWTRY

You said one, did I hear aright?

ROMAINE

You did!

ANDREWS

Please name the one accused.

ROMAINE

Why should you ask?

ANDREWS

I thought that I, perhaps, might be the one
To whom you now allude.

ROMAINE

You are!

ANDREWS

I wish
To see the charge preferred, have ample time
To make defense.

ROMAINE

The charge is this, deny
It if you can: You have misled our youth;
Profaned Religion, and the mysteries;
Denied Man's immortality! What's worse,
You do not teach approved Idealism—

Our bread, our meat, our drink, the capital
Of every college in the votive world;
Sacred and yet profane, Pagan, yet Christian,
Because it steals the pious words of Faith,
So we can safely sport as puppy wolves
In this lamb's clothing! Joy to us, and hurt
To none; because its language means one thing
To Faith another to Philosophy;
And if turned wrong-side out might even speak
The naked Truth when thus reversed! To teach
Idealism is all the liberty
We should allow the world to-day in teaching!
We must wrap up the Truth in Mysticism
Or else the blinded herd will cease to need
Our help; be self-sufficing ever after!
But, Sir, instead, you teach Materialism,
And thus explain the Universe to all;
Would leave no fattening mystery for us
To live upon; would make the world of thought
So common man can see the aim of Life,
And so disdain our teaching; thus destroy
The crowded mart of Pedantry; and end
By making us all lose our sinecures!
While in Theology, our other staple,
You flay the inspiration of the Scriptures,
Or else interpret them not with the torch
Of dim tradition, but instead the arc
Of Higher Criticism, ungodly science,
With all its damning implications!

Of this you are accused and more! 'Tis said
That you blasphemed, grew eloquent in fierce,
Audacious indignation at the world's
Lifetime of hampering you! 'Tis said you spoke
Regardless of the teaching of the ages;
Struck down in lofty ire the sacred things
That we esteem most dear! And why? Because,
While yet beholden to these things, you deem
Them evil! One cannot recite the charge
And not become indignant!

ANDREWS

I deny
The accusation, and demand to know
At once the one who does accuse me! Speak!

ROMAINE

Come hither, Fool!

[*As Fool enters music discordant*]

ANDREWS

He does not know enough
To guide himself, then how can he guide others?

FOOL

The lawyer, when he has no case, maligns
The witnesses. I know when I am hurt,
And that is all of knowledge! I can name
Your fault. I have it written word for word,
Just as you spoke it! Now, escape, blasphemer!

ROMAINE

Silence!

ANDREWS

Professor Hawtry, will you act
As my attorney? I will fight this case
So that the world will know how it's deceived
By you who farm its hopes and fears; and reap
Rich harvest, 'stead of husks, and chaff and straw,
The kind of husbandry you give the world!
You perpetrate the greatest wrong the Race
Has ever undergone, the marketing
Of Error for the Truth! You are on trial,
Not I! The world is ready for the Truth,
And I will speak it!

FOOL

Well, do so, blasphemer,
What will you gain? "Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise!"

ANDREWS

Not so! Where ignorance
Is bliss there Folly is an honored guest,
And Vice dares claim respect; while Virtue shares
With Truth contempt! Within this mazy world
Great giants stalk where puny pigmies dwell!
But if Enlightenment should flood the scene,
This ostrich-headed herd would feel outraged;
Because the parasites who use it teach

That Truth is Error, dreams are life; Good, Bad!
It battles knowledge as an ill, when Truth
Alone can bring sweet peace to all Mankind!
The bliss of ignorance is drunkenness,
A mental opiate, more cursed than any,
Which poor and weak are blackmailed into taking,
Thereby securing only scant relief,
And not the everlasting peace of science!

ROMAINE

Enough! Enough! Hear all! The trial will be
To-morrow, here the place, and anyone
Who makes this known unto the world will be
Expelled this presence for contempt!

[*Music painful. Exeunt in a body. Lights go out in loggia. Ormazd and Ahriman down stage. Weird music; lights low*]

AHRIMAN

Ha! Ha!
To laugh were sad!

ORMAZD

Why do you jest?

AHRIMAN

Ha! Ha!
Is Evil not a jest of Fate? What else?
He used his liberty as some use wine!

He might have spoken his progressive thought
A thousand times with full impunity;
But Chance brought in the Fool, an element
Which Nature makes provision for in all
Its ventures, but which Man discounts! And so
He fell, like Adam, in his first offense!
Ha! Ha! Some have embraced the damned sweet thing
A million times, and yet as saints have died!
'Tis Chance!

ORMAZD

A better word would be blind Fate!

AHRIMAN

Nay! Nay! To laugh were sad! 'Tis life! Ha! Ha!

[*Lifts his arms and all is dark. Weird music. Exeunt left. Lights appear in the sorority house at the back. Miss Selwyn is discovered. Annette appears at her ring. They are visible through the wide windows on the left*]

MISS SELWYN

Annette, if Mr. Waring calls again, do not
Admit him. Do you hear?

ANNETTE

He pleads so, Miss,
Not words but with his eyes! And when I say
You're not at home, he turns away downcast,
Dejected, like a mourner with his dead!

MISS SELWYN

This is sufficient! Not another word!
I will not see him, do you hear?

ANNETTE

Him have
I turned away a hundred times!

MISS SELWYN

No difference!
Turn him away again!

ANNETTE

Should any man love me,
As he loves you, I'd die for him! You—

MISS SELWYN

Not
Another word!

[*Rises angrily. Music full of despondency. Annette goes out. There is confusion in the hallway, and Waring enters, lovelorn, followed by Annette*]

ANNETTE

I could not help it, Miss!

MISS SELWYN

Go! Do you hear! [*Exit Annette right*] All
forms, all etiquette
You rudely put aside without one thought!
You break in as your savage forebear did
When he be-clubbed his bride into submission
And carried her away!

[*Music full of pain. Lights waver*]

WARING

If you but knew
How my heart suffers you could not refuse
To listen to my plea! I cannot understand
The way you act! Who could? One moment I
Imagine your regard is hate, the next
I think it love! And so I dream! How could
You let me kiss you, if you did not love me?
You do! But when I think the way you hide
Yourself, deny me one small word, and not a line,
When I pour out my heart in volumes—
You are unkind! You cannot be untrue!
'Tis all because you do not see how much
I love you! I would give my life for you!
Is there some hidden cause, I know not what,
To make you doubt, deny, mistrust my love?
Oh, never, never was a woman loved

As I love you! Could you but test my love
With some great deed that would vouchsafe to me
Some hope!—Why will you not redeem the pledge
Your kisses made? Answer! Oh, I could plead
Forever, then not speak my boundless love
For you!

MISS SELWYN

[*Calmly*]
As a fact in psychology,
Perhaps, I should enjoy, immensely, Sir,
Your acting; but no woman who deserves
The name, desires the proffer of a love
She can't reciprocate! This is my answer!

WARING

[*Music full of pathos*]
No! It is not! Why are you pale? What say
Your guilty eyes, truth speakers of the heart?
Oh, you are killing Love, I know not why!
For there is murder in your voice! You seek
To cast Love out your heart! (It can't be done!)
And so entomb him in the smallest space,
Effacing every clue to his past whereabouts!
But hear the truth: A time will come in spite
Of all that you can do when his small cry
Will rise above your pride—(If that it is)
Your vain ambition—(If that it is) yourself—
(If that it is) for Love and Self sometimes

Do battle in a woman's heart, unseen,
When Duty is forgotten; then the death
Of Love—this burial in your heart—will be
Wept for with never ending tears; and Life
Will be a cripple dragging hours and days
Which would have flown with wings of Love!

MISS SELWYN

Enough!
Why mouth words? My decision has been made!

WARING

[*Music deep pathos. Lights low*]
I care not for myself, but you alone!
Think of your life devoid of love—turn not
Away, but hear my plea! No sweet home coming,
No long-looked-for return of one you love!
And no delight in seeing in another
Yourself! Live life again, complete, entire,
All but self-consciousness! You forfeit this!
Trace in some infant form—so wonderful—
Your likeness in the solid glass of flesh,
Thus making self immortal here on Earth!
A boon bestowed on lovers when the Race
Began! Can you replace with anything
Pure motherhood? I could not love you then!
To me you are the greatest of your sex;
And as the flower which attains perfection
Appears a finished thing of beauty, only

For Beauty's sake, so you do hesitate
Before you yield allegiance to the cry
Of Love and Life! Of all the boons that should
Be handed down to gladden coming men
Rare beauty is the first, and ever was;
Because rare beauty is the type all Nature
Endeavors to attain!

MISS SELWYN

You reason well;
But there is this objection: Sir: I do
Not love you!

WARING

[*Music hopeless despondency*]
Not—love—me!
[*Shrinks back*]

MISS SELWYN

I do admire
You much; appreciate you fully, but love—
There is no such a thing! It is the dream
Of silly girls, and moonstruck boys; that's all!
I place you in a higher class than these,
My friend, my quondam comrade, and some day
When you forget this ill-timed declaration,
Let us be friends again! Till then adieu!

WARING

[*Music full of horror*]

Oh! Oh!

[*He sees at last the kind of woman she is, and runs out, screaming his feelings. She stands deeply mortified to know that she has been discovered. Lights go out. Exit left. Ormazd and Ahriman appear down stage. Lights are dim. Music weird*]

AHRIMAN

The unfit man!

ORMAZD

'Tis she who misses life!
His loss is gain! He suffers through no fault
Of his; is victim of the Chance that Life
Encounters to be Life! I honor him!

AHRIMAN

The treasure of his heart, he blindly lays
In her unworthy hands! Because his love
Is pure, he fancies she is worthy of it!
Never did cause so small produce so great
Effect, poor devil suffer more for nothing!
We gave him Truth in this with emphasis!

ORMAZD

'Tis thus that Nature keeps the racial type
From too great variation at expense
Of individuality! Mankind
Is not the arbiter of Destiny!
This is an error born of Hope, and housed,
Like plants, away from Nature's better light,
Which, while severe, is Evil to be Good!

AHRIMAN

A joke the Gods play on Mankind! Ha! Ha!

[*Ahriman lifts his arms and all is dark. Weird music. Lights appear in the loggia at the left. It is the trial of Dr. Andrews before the Trustees of the University. Ahriman, Ormazd, Waring, and Hardy enter from stage. Weird music*]

ROMAINE

Prosecutor, proceed to state the case.

STILWELL

Misleading youth and heresy!

ROMAINE

Call forth
The witness!

[*Prosecutor looks for Fool, not seeing him, motions Hardy to take the*

witness chair, and points to other witnesses]

STILWELL

Let us hear these men. Be sworn!
[*All are sworn by Prosecutor inaudibly*]

HARDY

[*Addressing the Court*]
Your Honor, may it please the Court assembled:
I listened to the lecture, and can say
It wasn't disregardful of the Creed;
'Twas what we daily hear in every chair,
Especially hypotheses of matter
And force.

ROMAINE

We care not what our chemists say!
'Tis not expected that the Saintly Founders
Would comprehend what Science teaches. Proceed!

HARDY

So far as I could see there was no thought
Expressed that would not have obtained at once
The speaker honor any place to-day!
Had it been written in a book, it would,
No doubt, have made its author great, a Darwin
Of Sociology!

[*Hardy steps down*]

ROMAINE

Bring forth another witness.
[*Stilwell motions Waring to the witness chair*]

WARING

So far as I can judge I see no place
For criticism. The Theory of Things
That has possessed the entire lower fields
Of learning was advanced into the higher!

ROMAINE

It all confirms the charge!

WARING

But how about
Its truth?

ROMAINE

Proceed! To re-commit the crime
Is no defense!
[*Waring throws up his hands in disgust and steps down. To Ormazd*]
Will you not testify?

ORMAZD

[*Taking witness chair*]
I am a stranger visiting your halls,
So I am loath to testify against
This man. If what he taught were proven true,
Would that suffice?

ROMAINE

The question is, What did
He teach? Whether 'tis true or not is nothing!
Did he mis-teach the Creed; its truth is not
In question!

ORMAZD

Then, I offer this: The Truth
Cannot be settled by a vote of men!
It is and always was by facts determined;
And no amount of Faith can banish it!
It is the mind's best effort in its count
Of things; Nature in picture from experience!
It fosters no regard for former visions!
'Twould be as fair to ask the lifeless eyes
Of ancient men to see for us to-day,
As that their brains, long dead,—and no less dead,
Because embalmed in books—should do our thinking;
Their breasts our feeling: for the world will learn
Some day that God, despite all institutions,
Could never have a favorite! And while,
Good Sirs, you sit in judgment on this man,
Learn this, there's one thing that cannot be hurt
By freedom of discussion, that is the Truth!
All else will pass into oblivion!

[*Ormazd steps down. Weird music.*
Trustees talk among themselves]

PENROSE

What we believe is Truth! All else is schism!

ROMAINE

[*To Ahriman*]

Will you not testify?

AHRIMAN

[*Weird music. Takes chair*]

I heard him lecture.
In my opinion Truth is what you think
It is; and that is Good that you think Good!
The Church should make the mind, not mind the Church!
Tradition, fitting things to suit the soul
Of weak Humanity, should cover all
Uncertainty, and then, this bane of life
Will be no more! The grave is languageless!
You can't remonstrate there, however wronged;
And should your ticket to the other world
Discharge you in the station, all is well!
In this the thought and thing are one! In fact,
The after life is what you think it is;
For thought is life that can be made to order!
But Death is Death no matter what you think!
What Error this enables you to sell
To Man! He serves you through his purchased dream;
And you can live, if you are wise enough

Not to be duped in duping him! Alas!
'Tis hard to see the way to live when dust
Is thrown into the air as well as eyes;
Because the clouds of Error do not fall
In fruitful rain, but blighting ashes! So
That he who lives by leading men astray
Quite often falls into the pit he leads
Them to—a friendly caution from experience!
So you are right, Good Sirs, since Truth cannot
Be known take that belief which pays you best
And foist it on to all!

[*Steps down. Weird music*]

RAMSDEN

Some things he says
Are true!

PENROSE

And all is practical!

ROWLANDS

Stand by
The Creed!

ROMAINE

Bring in the prosecuting witness!

[*Weird music. The Fool enters and takes the chair*]

FOOL

I heard the lecture, and straightway began
To fall! It undermined my moral nature,

So that I drifted into sin and vice!
I reasoned thus: If what he says is true,
Then what I fear does not exist. The fence
Of fear being down, I departed on
The road to Ruin! Ah! I drank! I stole
Without one qualm of conscience,—think of that!
I swore and mocked, remembered words of sin;
And still Remorse did not o'er-take me! But
When I forgot, as time went on, just what
He taught, my early training did assert
Itself! Once more I locked myself within
Its doors as Vice secure as if no sin
Existed! Sirs, if what he taught were true,
I would run wild, be free, restrained by nothing,
But subject to the Devil and his demons!
To save myself and all immortal souls,
I ask you stop his mouth from further speech!
[*Steps down*]

PENROSE

Quite clear!

ROWLANDS

This man should be condemned at once!

RAMSDEN

No! Let's consider his defense!
[*They talk among themselves. Weird music*]

ROMAINE

We'll hear
The argument!

HAWTRY

Am I not privileged?

ROMAINE

You are!
Proceed!

[*Weird music. Ormazd lifts arms and there is added light*]

HAWTRY

The question is, What is the Truth?
It is that correspondence which exists
Between the mind and Nature! Time recks not
With what men think but throws it all aside
That cannot stand the test of correspondence!
Error may be enthroned since time began,
And fall within a day! The vice in thinking
Consists in not considering facts; and not
In wilful misconstruing them. The mind,
If led by facts to-day, will always end
By finding Truth! The man [*looks at Fool*] who must be checked
By superstition is degenerate!
Morality, not satisfied with Good,
But seeks reward, or fears an after Hell,
Belies the name! Think you that everything

That lives fulfills its nature yet Mankind
Cannot be trusted? This is true sacrilege,
And in the future will be counted such!
Mankind is self-sufficing as the rest
Of Nature, only through the art of speech,
And writing, it has always clung to thought
Outlived by centuries, which yet usurps
The place of mind, denies the Race its right
Of seeing Nature whole, and living life
Dictated by experience!
Besides,
If the accused is guilty of the charge
He is confronted with, the world of life
Is guilty too, for Nature teaches freedom!
We learn to walk by falling, not with crutches!
What Man has dreaded most has always been
His need! His curse was a disguisèd boon!
He feared the danger in his pressing want,
And yet it made him! Most often has he been
A truant when attending Nature's school;
Ever preferring peace at any price
To that adventuring with Fate, he calls
Temptation, thus denying to himself
All chance of growth so that he may escape
All danger, and thereby maintain his status!
His fear of liberty has kept him out
Of Paradise much more than knowledge lost
It to him!
Truth competes with Error strangely!

Ten wasteful errors feed on smiling dupes,
While useful Truth stands hungry unemployed;
And such grotesque absurdities inhabit
Truth's house to-day that they out-do with ease
The most romantic story ever told
In lacking all similitude to fact;
And only for the blind of Ignorance,
Our early training, they would kill the Race
With laughter! Humor yet will save Mankind,
But not to-day?
O blatant Policy,
Bold Ignorance, and craven Toleration,
It is to you, this shame belongs! Good Sirs,
Why not accept your opportunity,
Exterminate these mental-moral monsters,
Which now defy the world, as you attempt
The physical plagues of men! Disease may kill;
But Error is a thousand times more hurtful,
For it destroys, not body but the mind!
The Truth will pay when it replaces Error—
Putting the case upon its lowest plane—
And take the waiting world in its employ!
Think of the unborn millions yet to be
Before our planet falls into the Sun!
Through pity let them have the Truth, not live
Our wondrous life, confronted by your gift,
Imaginary terrors everywhere,
Besides the basic conflict born of things,
The agony that cannot be avoided,

The thousand hurts that come to us in spite
Of all that Hope and Love can do! To know
What life is, thus to realize the gist
Of living, find out where Mankind belongs
In Nature, feel how close akin we are
To all, relieves our universal life
Of your sad fear of Death, which puts a pall
Upon all being, making life a Hell
Escaped by heeding nothing but blind Faith,
Ignoble Greed, and empty Folly! Sirs,
We are entitled to the Truth to-day!
I seek to justify the charge against
My colleague; for, if he trangressed the bounds
Of Dogma, 'twas a fault in our small world,
Which will become a favor in the world
At large; for Truth like sunshine freely lights
The Race, while Error is a cloud that costs
Its dupes a never ending stream of gold
For blinding them! I'm done!
[*Steps aside*]

FOOL

And so am I!

ROMAINE

[*To Hawtry*]
This, Sir, in my belief is no defense! [*To the Court*]
And you must not consider facts outside
The issues of the case! The world may think

A thousand things; that should not trouble us!
We do not care! The question is quite simple,
Shall we excuse this open heresy?

[*The trustees begin to deliberate. Weird music*]

ORMAZD

[*To Ahriman*]
What think you of the verdict?

AHRIMAN

I always feel
Certain in what I guess when anything
Is left to bigotry!

RAMSDEN

[*To Romaine*]
The verdict, Sir,
Is guilty!

ROMAINE

'Tis well! Offender, what have you
To say why sentence be with-held?

ANDREWS

Nothing!
If what has been expressed does not touch you,
No word that I could speak in my defense
Would answer; so proceed! The world will judge,
If not to-day, then in the Future, which of us
Is guilty!

ROMAINE

The sentence is that you resign
Your chair!

[*He becomes confused at the dignity of Dr. Andrews, the manifest insecurity of the trustees. Weird music. It grows dark*]

But then we give you three months' time
In which to find another;—and in addition,
Commend you to the world!

HAWTRY

Why not acquit?

ROMAINE

[*Somewhat re-assured*]

At times it helps the cause of Orthodoxy
To seem severe with lofty heretics!
We have to hold some one responsible
For skepticism, thus gratify the faithful;
Enrich ourselves in glory! 'Twill not hurt
Your friend; and does the Founders so much good!
Remember, not a word of this must be
Imparted to the outside world!

[*Music weird, bordering on the ridiculous. Lights go out and all leave except Ormazd and Ahriman*]

AHRIMAN

Ha! Ha!

ORMAZD

Mankind is subject more to pity than
To laughter!

AHRIMAN

Yes! It would not do for Yahwe
To have too much compassion, for he might
Allay life's ills, and, like indulgent parents
Thus ruin Man by placing him above
That vital School—the hurts of Ignorance,
The Vice of Circumstance, the painful Truth!

[*Ahriman lifts arms and all is dark. Weird music. Lights appear in the sorority house at the back showing a girl's room beautifully furnished. Miss Selwyn takes an ivory Cupid from the mantel*]

MISS SELWYN

Cupid, let's have it out once and for all!
Your entire kind henceforward, I taboo!
Oh, don't smile back at me, you rogue, I mean
So far as love pertains; no more for us!
I'll use you as of old, sweet Boy, Ha! Ha!
We have some memories!—Ah, memories,
We cannot banish, if we would, [*kisses figure*]
sweet Cupid!

They are a part of what we are, [*lowers image*] a warning
Of what may come, if we—Ah! Ah!
[*Expressing her feelings. She dashes the figure to pieces*]
Ah! Ah!
[*Enter Annette. Music full of guile*]

ANNETTE

[*Enter Hardy*]
Mr. Hardy!
[*Exit Annette*]

MISS SELWYN

Why the honor of this call?

HARDY

I came of age to-day, and publish broad
The great event by private proclamation!
Here is the evidence!
[*Gives her some tax receipts*]

MISS SELWYN

A tax receipt!
[*Pause*]
I see! Out of the class of imbeciles
Including women, children, and insane!

HARDY

Ha! Ha! Your servant still!
[*Bows mock heroic*]

MISS SELWYN

They are as crisp
As new-made money!

HARDY

[*Smiling at his success*]

Yes; and cost a lot
Of old! Four figures on a tax receipt
Mean ten or more of property.

MISS SELWYN

You thus
Reveal the vice of men. Women care naught
For wealth!

HARDY

Not even yachts?

MISS SELWYN

[*Eagerly*]

Why, have you one?

HARDY

[*Laughing*]

I have! It fell to me to-day!

MISS SELWYN

[*Playfully*]

Perhaps, sometime
We may go sailing—

HARDY

[*Seriously*]
Yes!

MISS SELWYN

Forgive me, Sir,
An editorial "we"!

HARDY

No! No! I hold
You to your promise!

MISS SELWYN

[*Mock jestingly*]
Pause! You must forget
The implications—

HARDY

I do not forget!

MISS SELWYN

[*Mock serious*]
On this the day of your majority?

HARDY

[*Joyously*]
I recognize my liability!

MISS SELWYN

[*Apparently serious*]
And I my indiscretion! Pardon me!
Will you not?

HARDY

No! I hold you to your promise,
Likewise the implication!

MISS SELWYN

[*Apparently jesting*]
Be it so!
You will not call a scribe to put it down
In writing, will you, Sir?

HARDY

[*Seriously, but feigning humor*]
Indeed, My Lady,
If so it please you!

MISS SELWYN

[*Mock serious*]
Sir, I think the jest
Has gone too far!

HARDY

[*Himself*]
Must I, a modern man,
One up to date, submissively comply
With dull conventionality, whether

Or no? If I see fit to offer you
My hand, I need not proffer you my heart
As well, in this eugenic age! Suffice
You know of all the world, I find in you
My choice, the comrade of my life in all
That wealth can buy, ambition realize,
Or power attain!

MISS SELWYN

I like the picture!

HARDY

Then
Your answer is?

MISS SELWYN

Yes! Yes!

HARDY

A sweet, wise woman!
A pledge of hands is all I ask to bind
Our troth so simply made; but then I leave
The triumph of the wedding day to you!

MISS SELWYN

Wise man! And may you ever be as wise
Surrendering to me what rightfully
Belongs to woman!

HARDY

[*Enter Annette*]

As you will! But, come,
Let us go celebrate!

ANNETTE

Miss Denham!

HARDY

Ha!

MISS SELWYN

Shall we tell her?

HARDY

I leave it all to you!

[*Exit Annette. Enter Miss Denham. Weird music*]

MISS DENHAM

[*Understanding everything*]

Do I intrude?

MISS SELWYN

Not in the least!

HARDY

No! No!

MISS DENHAM

[*Pretending to discover*]
I fear I came—perhaps—Elizabeth—
[*To Hardy*]
Congratulations!
[*She takes his hand*]

MISS SELWYN

Not for the public yet!
My dear!
[*Kisses Miss Denham*]

MISS DENHAM

I am so happy—for—you! Oh, you are
The luckiest man in all the world to win
This jewel of a woman!

HARDY

Thanks! I prize
Her far above the rarest jewel in the world,
My active capital in Life's adventure!

MISS SELWYN

Oh, spare me, friends! Remember, I am mortal!

MISS DENHAM

But only praised in lofty appellations!
Ha! Ha!

MISS SELWYN

Excuse us, Doris, will you not?
[*Preparing to go*]

HARDY

We must away!
[*Preparing to go*]

MISS DENHAM

Joy go with you!

BOTH

[*In doorway*]
Thanks! Thanks!
[*Exeunt*]

MISS DENHAM

[*Coming out on the balcony*]
The moving world is for the one who thinks;
So in this age 'tis folly to entrust
One's Fortune to the instincts of one's sex,
Which makes one do, by indirection, things
The women of the future will accomplish
Without the coquetry of maidenly
Reserve, which even now is understood,
As if it said: I want what I pretend
To shun! So one must live by thinking, shrewdly,

Else meet with failure, doing adroitly
The things success requires!

[*Weird music. Exit right. Enter left Ahriman and Ormazd*]

AHRIMAN

An opportunist!
Another triumph of the pow'r of thought,
For her! But what of him? His Fate is Man's
In general! Ha! Ha!

ORMAZD

Nature protects
The individual through mind, the species
Through feeling, so there is a conflict, check!
The way to live and be successful is
To live by thought, not that Man should oppose
The Race, but serve it in the highest way!

AHRIMAN

The irony of things! But what of her?

ORMAZD

Being a woman, she attempts with heart
And mind to live by thought the feelings Nature
Gave her!

AHRIMAN

We promised him—

ORMAZD

No! Not success,
But only that avoidance of sure failure
Which Evil brings!

AHRIMAN

Ha! Ha! Some more of Fate's
Poor jesting! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

ORMAZD

Mankind
Has no conception that between the Race
And individual lies the end which Life
Strives for! This is the reason why the Race
Does not succeed in rearing up a world
That's stationary; the individual one
That moves!

AHRIMAN

I think that Nature cheats them both!

ORMAZD

Is Man not Nature in another form—
Another Nature built in miniature;
And yet containing all there is of Nature?

AHRIMAN

No! You would better say the mockery of Nature!
For Man, fool Man, will not be satisfied
With simple Truth; but, like the spoilèd child

Must have his dream, regardless of its truth,
And willing tribute pays to be deceived!
While in the case of love, he dupes himself!
You can tell him what Nature is forever,
And he will always take a dream instead!

ORMAZD

I'm not so sure of that!

AHRIMAN

That's what I fear!

[*Weird music. Exeunt Ormazd and Ahriman left. Enter Miss Denham and Waring right*]

WARING

That's what she said!

MISS DENHAM

This makes the thousandth time
You've told me of her cruelty to you!

WARING

Forgive me, will you not?

MISS DENHAM

You weep for what
Is best! Some day when you are free, yourself
Again, recovered fully from your folly,
You will bless God, He saved you from yourself!

WARING

With your assistance, my good friend!

MISS DENHAM

I do
Confess my part, confess—[*confused*]—that is—

WARING

You mean
That as her confidant, you plead for me?

MISS DENHAM

[*Composed*]
No, rather as your friend, I took your part!

WARING

[*Deeply moved*]
My friend, how can I ever compensate
You for your kindness?

MISS DENHAM

[*With feigned emotion*]
Friendship keeps no books!
I will explain! No man can know the pain
With which a woman looks upon the world!
She is so circumscribed by sex; so schooled;
When favored by inheritance is poor;
But when deserted by this world of Chance,
Standing alone amidst th' uncertainty

Of life, that fools seem fitted to o'ercome,
The wonder is, she does not kill herself
In her despair of finding justice in the world!
My friend, believe me when I say my loss
Of self, in helping you, was selfish, not
The kindly action you now credit it!

WARING

I was a boor to thrust my pain upon
Another when that other suffered more
Than I myself!

MISS DENHAM

[*The same*]
Forbear, my friend, forbear!

WARING

It must be grand to have a woman's heart!

MISS DENHAM

[*With real feeling*]
It is sublime to be a man! To breast
The world! To make your way! To choose your life!
To say: This will I do! This throw aside!
A conqueror, a god! Poor woman sits
At home, awaits what comes, denied the right
Even to speak her likes! What good in life
Is served by this injustice, cruelty?

Our hearts are broken, ambitions thwarted,
The world pays no attention to our cries!
More pure hypocrisy is given women
Than all the world beside! If in defense,
We use adroit dissimulation, then
The sex is false! What can we do? The world
Is made by man for man, e'en Nature seems
Against woman!

WARING

[*Admiringly*]
You sorrow for your sex!
I know that one, with heart so tender, must
Pay tribute to the world in woe beyond
The lot of others! I see a light shine through
Your words that shows a sadness all your own;
And no amount of sympathy for woman
Will ever reach the pain that you deplore!
And so I ask to be your friend, to share
With you the pain that preys unseen, and robs
You of the joy of living!

MISS DENHAM

[*Almost weeping*]
That matters not!

WARING

But then it does!

MISS DENHAM

[*Giving way*]
The burdens of the heart
Cannot be born by others! This is Fate!

WARING

A seeming truth, my friend! The blow of Death
Is somehow softened when another heart
Is leveled with our own in sympathy!
The speechless, clasping hands are wings
To lift us up into a world above ourselves
Enabling us to cast upon the Race
Our sorrow! Count me as one who offered help,
A brother, friend [*takes her hand*] to be to you more than
A friend—be—well—[*pauses*] Let time decide—[*pause*] My friend,
The thing the world must next secure for all
Is opportunity to realize
Just what we are! All else in life is futile,
Is nothing in comparison!

MISS DENHAM

Poor wóman
Will then receive the things the world denies
And Nature has prevented her achieving
Throughout the ages!

WARING

Friend, count me as one
To favor this great cause till Justice crowns
Itself in crowning woman, this as some
Repayment of the good that I owe you!

MISS DENHAM

[*Determining to make it personal*]
No debt, instead, a joy!

WARING

'Tis I to judge!
The obligation shall be paid in full
With interest, principal, and good-will!

MISS DENHAM

[*Breaking down*]

Meanwhile,
Poor woman sobs out her heart against the wall!
[*Covers her eyes. Weird music. Lights waver*]

WARING

Not while the Mother lives in man! I ask
To share your pain by asking you to share
My life! I bring to you a heart of purity,
Not virgin in its love, but chastened so
Its door is open to the world that misses,
As it has missed, the chief desire in life;

Yet finds within the common loss a boon
To solace it with what, in God's wide plan,
Will bring as much of Good into the world:
For Reason tells us that the sum of joy
In life is parceled equally to all;
And they who find it wild in love are not
The better paid than they who cultivate
It in the flow'r of human kindness!

[*He looks front as if in a partial trance*]

MISS DENHAM

Ah!
To triumph—

[*Catches herself and acts her triumph*]

WARING

[*Still entranced*]
—is the aim that lies before
Us now!

MISS DENHAM

I am so—

[*Catches herself and acts her happiness*]

WARING

[*Still entranced*]
—willing to entrust
It all to God!

MISS DENHAM

[*Controlling herself*]
This answers your philosophy!
[*He puts his arm about her protectingly. She rests her head on his shoulder and sobs for joy. Weird music. Exeunt left. Enter Ahriman and Ormazd right*]

ORMAZD

I pity woman!

AHRIMAN

Ha, then it is catching,
For that's his int'rest in her!

ORMAZD

Too true! He prayed
To know the Truth, and we have shown it him!

AHRIMAN

The Future seen in these first steps, let us
Turn to the end, as men thumb leaves, and skip
The tedious hours of reading, so may we
As Gods, escape the drag of living, pass
In one brief hour good twenty years!

ORMAZD

Nay! Rather let us view their Future lives
In vision!

AHRIMAN

What shall we honor first?

[*Weird music*]

ORMAZD

The double wedding where their lot is chosen!

[*Ahriman lifts arm and all is dark. There is a rumbling as if something is moving, not unlike that of wings, with weird dreamlike music. Light gradually comes on and the Gods can be seen as spectators. Bright lights appear in the sorority house. Subdued music, which changes to wedding march. Suddenly the double wedding of Miss Selwyn and Hardy and Miss Denham and Waring is presented as a living picture. All the college is present. After a moment darkness ensues instantaneously*]

[*There is a muffled sound as if flitting of wings amidst dreamlike music. Suddenly there is silence and a faint light appears on the stage. Weird music*]

ORMAZD

Ten years have flown! Let's see the fruit of folly!

[*Weird music. The stage is lighted with a totally different kind of light.*

There are some changes to show the flight of time. Off to the left the Fool is sitting on the top of a fountain, very drunk, fishing, and as the lights come on, he sings]

FOOL

And here I sit from day to day!
Oh, sing hi ho! Oh, sing hi ho!
And fish my precious life away!
Oh, sing hi ho! Oh, sing hi ho!

The world it laughs at me a bit!
Oh, sing hi ho! Oh, sing hi ho!
But it can't see that I am it!
Oh, sing hi ho! Oh, sing hi ho!
[*Looks at his shadow in the fountain*]

Ah, now I see who holds me here!
Oh, sing hi ho! Oh, sing hi ho!
It is this fellow whom I fear!
Oh, sing hi ho! Oh, sing hi ho!
[*Rises and wabbles from drunkenness*]

But watch me lay him on the shelf!
Oh, sing hi ho! Oh, sing hi ho!
[*Strikes at his shadow and falls into the fountain*]

Too late! Too late! It is myself!
Oh, sing hi ho! Oh, sing hi ho!

[*Weird music. Darkness. There is heard again a seeming flitting of wings. Music becomes dreamlike and full of love. A faint light comes on the stage*]

ORMAZD

Another decade flown, let's look again
And see what Time has brought!

[*A light appears in the loggia at the right. It is changed to show the flight of twenty years. Miss Waring, the daughter of Waring, and other young girls appear. In the loggia on the left young Hardy, the son of Hardy, is seen as a living picture. All the young persons are dressed as in the fourth Act of the play. Music very beautiful*]

MISS WARING

[*Sings*]

Life was a day I passed in play!
It had no end or aim;
For it did seem to be a dream
The day before love came!

No wider hope was in its scope,
The Future shown the same;
But Nature spoke and I awoke
The day on which love came!

Then every hour was full of power
Beyond all words to name!
And after this all life was bliss,
The day on which love came!

[*Lights disappear at the end of the music and the Gods are seen in a faint light which gradually increases*]

AHRIMAN

The time has now
Arrived to show these mortals what it was
They chose, and how presumptuous they were then
In thinking that they could determine Fate!

ORMAZD

To show you that the world has reached the stage
At which the Good will be successful, let
Us enter in the life of Man once more
And I will prove it you!

AHRIMAN

[*Weird music*]
It can't be true!
It is a dream! The Good succeed because

It is the Good is Fortune's joke; Love's dream;
Hope's irony! That day will never come!

ORMAZD

[*Grand music*]
The dream of Poet, Prophet, Saint is here!
I hail the triumph of the Truth, the reign
Of Right, Art, Justice, and Humanity!
[*Effulgent light. Sublime music*]

CURTAIN

ACT III

ACT III

The setting in the center of the stage is a cross-section of a National Convention of one of the great political parties of the United States, showing the floor of the house with a gallery extending around it. In the back of the gallery are two large windows through which can be seen the storm outside. The Chairman of the Convention is on a raised platform at the back beautifully ornamented with flags, bunting, and pictures. The floor of the house is full of delegates, a number of them being women. The gallery is crowded with men, women, and children. The delegates are going about, and there is much confusion.

To the left, in front, is a small room, made of gauze, which, when unlighted, shows as a solid wall. To the right, in front, is a similar room.

On the right, in the first box are seated Ormazd and Ahriman. On the left, are seated Mrs. Waring and Mrs. Hardy dressed as they appear in the last Act in the characters of Athene and Artemis, Grecian Goddesses.

A brass band is playing when the curtain goes up. After a few moments the center of the stage darkens

and music stops. Light shines for an instant about Mrs. Waring and Mrs. Hardy; then about Ormazd and Ahriman.

ORMAZD

[*Seeing the smile on Ahriman's face*]
Are you amused at this?

AHRIMAN

I rather think
The Evil One himself would be! Mankind
Can brag about its reason in affairs
Of State, but one brief moment here belies
Its claim. Instead of reason, feeling reigns
Supreme directed by the sense of spoils!

ORMAZD

In politics the Good divide on nothing,
And thus bestow their birthright on the Bad,
Who use a great discretion in their thought,
Submerging issues in the cause, depending,
Wolf-like in scrambling for a share,
Winning a victory in spite of Justice!
The Good, like loving dames, entrust to God
The special work that they are fitted for!

AHRIMAN

Don't be so pessimistic at a jest!

ORMAZD

[*Continuing his thought*]
God helps the ones who think; and if the Good
Do not secure economy of power
Through reason, then the Bad, instinctively,
Do prosper through the Law of Least Resistance,
Thus wasting more than what is saved, as one
Is to a score, accomplishing the ends
Of Nature blindly!

AHRIMAN

This is the vice in things
And will be till Mankind, unlikely, seeks
The higher life through sacrifice of self
With motives greater than self-interest—Never!

[*Weird music. Box darkens. Light appears in the room at the left, now occupied by Hardy and his followers consisting of many men and few women. The room is almost dark*]

HARDY

I tell you, men, the hour has come to make
My nomination sure, a certainty!
Before you know it some dark horse will spring
Into the field and win!

MRS. POLLOCK

Impossible!

HARDY

Just what occurs in politics too often!

WINGFIELD

Waring cannot o'ercome the opposition!
He is a goody-goody, which precludes
Success! And what dark horse could now be named?

HARDY

Dr. Andrews!

WINGFIELD

No! No! No scientist
[*Storm is heard faintly*]
Need ever hope to meet the popular
Demand, though ruler of a State and famous!
Fear not; for Dr. Andrews can't stampede
This great Convention as he could some club
Of scientists!
[*Storm increases*]

HARDY

I'm not so sure of that!
[*Weird music*]

MRS. VAN SCHUSTER

The danger is in Waring's oratory!

WINGFIELD

If we stand pat for Hardy, who can break
Our deadlock?

HIGGINS

That's the question, gentlemen.
No man can be defeated when ahead;
And we are gaining slowly all the time!

HARDY

[*Storm is heard distinctly*]
Get busy! Do you hear? Remember I am out
A million dollars! Men, get busy!
[*Exeunt delegates. Enter Fool. Weird music*]

FOOL

Had I
A hundred plunks I know a delegate
I can control!

HARDY

[*Disgusted and irritated*]
I'd like to see the man
A drunken lout like you could handle!
[*Storm increases*]

FOOL

[*Amazed*]
Eh?
A drunken lout? Perhaps, when it's too late
You'll see!

HARDY

[*Storm breaks*]
Take that and go!
[*Throws him money*]

FOOL

[*Weird music*]
[*Fool picks money off the floor, snarling like a dog. The storm rages*]
I'll take your money,
And your insult, not being man enough
To reject the one, or to resent the other!
However, this is not the end! Remember!
[*Goes out amidst the roar of the storm and weird music. Lights appear in the room at the right. Weird music. It is occupied by Waring and his supporters, about evenly divided as to sex*]

CONYERS

Go in, expose the bribery, stampede
The delegates!

WARING

'Tis easy said!

SHIRAS

Deadlocks
Cannot be broken save by some sensation!

WARING

How spring it?

SHIRAS

Why, leap to a chair, cry treason,
While wildly brandishing the bribe aloft!
I will propose a motion to expel
Suspected delegates! This will create
A storm!

WARING

Agreed!

[*Exeunt delegates at back. The Fool breaks into the room at the side just as the delegates are going out. They don't want him to know what they are going to do*]

You understand?

SHIRAS

[*In doorway*]

We do!

[*Exit*]

FOOL

Oh, stratagems! I'm with you though! Count me!
I'm low— A deadbeat, drunken wastrel, I!
But never yet so low that I would take
Hush money for an insult! No!

WARING

[*Looking intently at Fool*]
'Tis years
Since we were students!

FOOL

Yes; colleagues together—

WARING

Discussing sin, theology—

FOOL

Theology?

WARING

Why, yes! Don't you remember how disturbed
You were about your soul? Afraid to hear
Of Evil, let alone be guilty of it!

FOOL

[*Remembering*]
Yes!
'Twas years ago!

WARING

Then your theology
Has not protected you?

FOOL

It has! At first,
I thought I would be good continuously;
But that's impossible; so I dismissed
The matter by resolving to die good—
The beauty of theology above
Philosophy!

WARING

No matter how you live?

FOOL

There is much mercy in theology!
If well paid, 'tis more jealous of belief
Than morals! Hence, no man surpasses me
In Orthodoxy now— But in the name
Of Satan, why discuss theology—

WARING

[*Preparing to leave*]
How can I argue politics with you?
[*Exit*]

FOOL

[*After Waring*]
Hardy and I are out! I wish to do
Him dirt, await my opportunity!

SHIRAS

[*In doorway*]
That you shall have!

FOOL

And I will meet it like
A man!

[*Exeunt. Lights go out. Weird music. Lights appear in the Convention. The storm can be heard faintly. Confusion gradually increases*]

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping*]
Let us have order, Gentlemen, order!

CONYERS

Mr. Chairman!

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping*]
Order! I recognize
The delegate! Order! You have the floor!

CONYERS

[*Leaping to a chair wildly*]

I have been offered money as a bribe!

[*Weird music. Great confusion. Storm breaks out*]

WARING

[*On a chair in a lull*]

By whom?

MRS. POLLOCK

Speak out!

MRS. VAN SCHUSTER

Expose the villain now!

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping. Storm increases*]

Order! Let him proceed! We must have order!

[*Rapping*]

CONYERS

[*Earnestly*]

See! I show you! What do you think of that?

[*Shows bills. Weird discordant music. Storm increases. Lightning flashes. The room darkens. Clouds come in at the windows. Confusion*]

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping continuously*]

But name the briber!

DELEGATES

[*Wildly*]

Yes; name him! Expose him!

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping continuously*]

Order!

[*Confusion somewhat abates*]

CONYERS

[*Impressively*]

I am the last falsely to charge
Some one! This envelope was given me
By one of Hardy's henchmen!

[*There is a great roar of disapproval. Weird music. The storm becomes violent. Clouds come in at the windows*]

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping continuously*]

Order!

HARDY

I
Denounce this as a trick to ruin me!

[*Applause and groans. Music discordant. Lightning*]

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping*]

Order!

HARDY

What man of sense would think of such
An idiotic way of bribing men?

FOOL

[*Jumping to a chair*]

You would!

[*Sensation. Discordant music. Storm intense. It flashes lightning, and clouds come in at the windows making the room almost dark. Great confusion*]

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping continuously*]

Men, order, order!

HARDY

[*Angrily*]

I demand
That fool's arrest!

[*There is a solitary rumble of thunder*]

FOOL

Which fool, yourself or me?

[*Discordant music. Uproar. Storm increases. Lightning*]

CHAIRMAN

Men, order, order, order, order, Men!
[*Rapping continuously*]

HARDY

Mr. Chairman, I rise to ask a question
Of privilege!
[*Confusion abates. Silent lightning*]

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping*]
Proceed! Proceed!

MRS. POLLOCK

Hear him!

HARDY

[*Full of pathos*]
O, gentlemen, hear me! Have not my years
Of service to the party merited
A better fate?

DELEGATES

Aye! Aye!
[*Confusion*]

CHAIRMAN

Let him proceed!

HARDY

[*Silent lightning*]
Language cannot express the force with which
I now deny that I had anything
To do with any bribe! The charge was made
[*Roar of dissent*]
To ruin me! So I demand a trial
Before my peers! If not acquitted then
I shall go, never to return again!
Let them produce the evidence!

DELEGATES

Aye! Aye!
[*Discordant music. Storm breaks. Lightning. Clouds penetrate the room*]

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping continuously*]
Men, order, order, order, order, Men!

CONYERS

[*Impressively*]
A stranger came to me and said: "Take this
And vote for Hardy; it is yours; besides
Another package of the same amount!"
Dazed-like, not knowing what to do, I took
The parcel, and before I realized
What had occurred, the briber had departed!

I opened up the envelope. You see,
It has a thousand dollars in it! Look!

[*Great confusion. Weird music. Storm increases*]

HIGGINS

[*Leaping to a chair, amidst the confusion*]

A lie!

[*Extreme confusion. Storm terrific. Lightning flashes. Clouds come into the room, seem to be feeling for Hardy*]

WINGFIELD

[*Amidst confusion*]

Outrageous!

HOFFMEYER

You should name the man!

DELEGATES

Aye! Aye! No! No!

[*Music discordant and weird. Storm increases. Great confusion. Lightning runs around the room, and in the light, the clouds, having found Hardy, settle down upon him*]

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping continuously*]
Speak out! Give us the facts!

SHIRAS

I move you we refer the matter!
[*A roar of approval. Weird music. Stage darkens*]

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping*]
Do
I hear a second?

DELEGATES

Aye! Aye! Aye!

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping*]
Will those
In favor of the motion answer, Aye?

DELEGATES

Aye! Aye!
[*Greatly in the majority*]

CHAIRMAN

While those opposed may answer, No!

DELEGATES

No! No!

CHAIRMAN

I now declare the motion carried!

[*Tremendous demonstration, discordant music, the lights are obscured by the penetrating clouds. The lightning runs about the room making phantoms of the clouds, ending in weird darkness and silence. Lights appear in Hardy's room. Weird sad music. The room is almost dark*]

HARDY

[*Rain begins to fall*]

A miracle can't nominate me now!

WINGFIELD

Don't be downcast! There's nothing gained in that!

HIGGINS

The fight has just begun! Be brave and steadfast!

HOFFMEYER

The women have deserted us!

HIGGINS

Good riddance!

HARDY

Men, if we lose, I hope that Waring's not
Successful! . . . And after all I've suffered! Ah!

[*Rain pours. Throws himself on a table in convulsive grief. Weird music. Lights go out. Followers stand in silence. Lights appear in Waring's room. Lights are bright, and while the music is weird, it is not painful*]

WARING

In beating Hardy, have I not defeated
Myself?

SHIRAS

Do not give up just yet!

WARING

Why not?
If circumstances point to some one else,
Why not join forces with that one, for next
To having won is that your cause succeeds!

CONYERS

So then 'tis settled!

WARING

Yes; let us go in!

[*Lights go out in Hardy's room. Weird music. Lights appear in the Conven-*

tion. Storm can be heard in the distance. Chairman is rapping for order]

FOOL

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: The time
Has come when this Convention nominate
A candidate, the peer of any man
In all the world to be the President
Of these United States!

[*Great confusion. Weird music very loud. The storm increases and lightning flashes over the Convention. The Chairman raps for order, but the Fool stands firmly to be heard*]

HIGGINS

Let's throw him out!

HOFFMEYER

He is a fool!

WINGFIELD

Let's put him out!

AUDIENCE

No! No!

No! No!

CHAIRMAN

[*Rapping*]

Let us have order, delegates!
Order!

[*While the Fool is speaking, the storm recedes and the room becomes light. The music takes on a tone of gladness*]

FOOL

The Good Book says, else you become
As little children—well, you know the passage—
God's Kingdom is not yours, exemplifying
The power in things the world disdains; and so
Of men! I come to name the Man of Men;
I come to name a man abreast the age
In every way, a scholar, a gentleman,
Successful, tried, esteemed! A man the world
Has honored, and a man who honors all
The world! The first great scientist announced
As candidate for office, and the first
To be elected, Dr. Andrews!

[*Terrific applause. Weird music but full of gladness. Sunshine appears among the clouds, and every one seems happy. The storm is heard away in the distance. The Fool directs the confusion as if it were music of a new kind*]

I name him for the Presidency

Of these United States, a patriot,
And yet a cosmopolitan! The first
Man ever qualified to fill the office!

[*Still greater applause. Extraordinary demonstration. Weird music but full of happiness. The confusion is a part of the music and when it stops all is dark. Light appears in Waring's room. He is surrounded by his followers. Weird music, but full of sweetness*]

CONYERS

Don't be dejected, for another day
May bring success; besides, at heart the cause
Has won; for we have named the candidate!

SHIRAS

And he whom we defeat is shelved forever!
We're sure of that!

WARING

The one commodity
That can't be parceled out in life is honor!
I've schooled myself to take what comes because
The individual cannot decide
His fortune, justice being done to-day
But on an average! So, I'm satisfied!

MRS. POLLOCK

Such rare philosophy is only found
Among the world's supremely great!

WARING

It is
Not choice but opportunity that counts,
Let it be good or bad, it is the same!
'Tis true that we can move from place to place;
Can go and come; seem free; dodge in and out
Amongst the good and evil; but no man
Can make events as he would have them! Why,
The wisest fail where fools sometimes succeed;
Because what's like prefers its kind always,
Failure occurring through superior worth!
The best of life is not within ourselves
But in that greater self including all,
We name Humanity! 'Tis this, the struggle
That's prompted by Religion, which impels
The Race, and furnishes us a living cause
That satisfies when Death, the tardy host,
Invites us to his house! I did my best!

SHIRAS

We all are downcast at your failure!

MRS. POLLOCK

No man
Could be more worthy than you are!

WARING

Thanks! Thanks!
No matter, for in failure I foresee
Success for all I've sought in life! What hope
Could promise more? The individual
Is only part, and should be satisfied
To see the whole succeed; in finding joy
In its success, excelling infinitely
All selfish glory! For 'tis I who win,
If in the victory that which my life
Stands for is gained; and what has happened now
Is this! Let us rejoice in that which makes
Us victors in the triumph of the Good!

[*Leaves the room with some of his followers*]

SHIRAS

He thus submerges self and so becomes
Not only great, but more, sublime! The type
Of man the trend of things will yet produce
In all of us when Nature has a chance!

[*Leaves the room with rest of delegates. Darkness follows. Light appears in Hardy's room. Weird music. The storm can be heard outside with rain*]

HARDY

[*Deep emotion*]
I felt it from the first! No tongue can tell
My utter woe! Oh, men, men,—men, you said

That I would win! Not one, but all! all! all!
And at what cost? The world will never know!
[*Men draw back. Weird music. Lights darken. The rain begins to fall gently, but distinctly*]
Don't leave because of my reproach! Give me
The bitter joy of blaming others, will
You not? Oh, I have paid you quite enough
To curse you, had I it done before I paid!
But now you stand impatient to be gone,
Not courteous to my anguish! Go! Avaunt!
What care you now? I am a mariner
Washed overboard at sea! One man less—God!
There will be plenty people left, think you!
And yet but yesterday I seemed to grasp
The Presidency of these United States!
Oh, as the aviator in the clouds
Seems first of men, then falls a senseless thing
Down to the Earth, am I! No, worse! He does
Not live to see the thing he is; to hear
The heartless words of jest!— A precipice
So high, who would have thought the other side
So steep? No gentle fall, but one long plunge
To the bottom of the depths—oblivion!
The utter sense of nothingness now comes!
How can I live? How? How?
[*Falls on the table in convulsive sobs. The rain pours and his followers*

slip out noiseless as shadows. Faint weird music]

HARDY

[*Uncovering his eyes*]

Alone? Alone!
Oh, at the closing of my pain-racked eyes
You steal away! What shall I call you? What?
You have no honor, only use; and, when once used
Despised for being of no further use? Friends?
Friends!
No! Devils! Devils! Devils! For, devoid
Of human sympathy, you pick and gnaw
The skeleton of my ambition bare,
Then slink away! Ah! Ah!

[*Screams terrifically, and throws himself face downward. Weird music. The room darkens. Light shines about the Gods*]

ORMAZD

He has the Truth!

AHRIMAN

The Purpose in the Universe displays
Itself so poorly, in order that it grow
And be sublime in Man, it must encounter
A trillion different shocks to hammer it
To recognition!

ORMAZD

But do not forget
The second Purpose, Man, unconsciously,
Improves upon crude Nature, while supreme
Perfection will not be attained until
The third and last attempt, Society,
Controls the other two completely, then
The end and aim of all will be accomplished!
Not Evil, but a studied opposition
Will then supply the impetus to action!

AHRIMAN

Many amusing things will happen ere
That day!

ORMAZD

The most amusing of them all,
Your occupation, will be gone! Ha! Ha!

[*Ahriman catches himself as if shot through with pain. Weird music. It grows dark about the Gods*]

[*The Convention hall becomes lighted. The band is playing a national air. Sunshine bursts through the windows. Men and women are going about joyously. Ormazd and Ahriman are down front, Ormazd detains Ahriman from departing. Dr. Andrews appears before the audience. There*

is prolonged applause set to music. It rises gradually until it bursts in a tremendous wave, men growing wild with excitement; then it subsides with now and then a rise in the rhythm until it is little more than a murmur. During Dr. Andrews' speech the applause is part of the music, rising and falling at times, then reaching a climax and subsiding at the conclusion in a flood of light]

DR. ANDREWS

My Fellow-citizens: I do not thank
You for the honor you confer on me,
However great, not that! I do not thank
You for the happiness you bring to me,
However sweet, not that! But tongue cannot
Express in words my sense of gratitude
To you for making me the instrument
Through which the Good at last shall have its day!
For placing me where I can use the Truth
To combat Error with; at last apply.
What we have learned to human living; thus
To make the house of Hope a home for all;
To smooth the road of Circumstance, the way
Of Opportunity, so that his knock
May daily be, not once for life! This boon,
The dream the world has ever had, will now

Come true; for when Religion motives all,
The business of the world will be set free
From selfishness; likewise the thought; then men
Will see that nothing else but Truth can give
Them peace; will cease to reverence the Past,
Will live to-day, the conscious hour—this life—
The acme of existence for the Earth;
And realize the Purpose of the Universe—
The Everlasting Life of prophecy,
For which all Nature is a preparation,
And which, attained, encompasses the Past,
The Present, and the Future in its moment—
The Riddle of the Universe be solved
At last, so all can fully understand!
But let us not forget that every hurt
The Race has suffered in the past is still
A wound, because unfeeling men secure
A livelihood by keeping it unhealed!
To-day the whole of life, called civilized,
Is spent in paying tribute to our fears,
Protecting hopes, defending dreams which make
Us slaves to men who work us through our hearts—
Men, like the serpent who repay devotion
With treachery, perverting all of life
By putting Evil in the place of Good,
Adroitly making Night appear as Day,
And boldly teaching Ignorance instead
Of Knowledge, persecuting Truth to death,
Making Life's purpose in the scheme of things

As much unlike that which it is as dream
And fact, a mockery from first to last!
The common man has no conception what
Life is! He is a host to feed this world
Of ruling parasites. That which he gets
To what he will some day receive on Earth
May justly be compared with Hell and Heaven!
But from this hour our fight will be against
This curse of superstition, as disease
Which robs the Race of mental-moral health;
Deprives us of a knowledge what we are,
Making existence farcical in aim,
Instead of all there is summed in ourselves!
I thank you for this opportunity
To speak this fact to fifty million ears!
No matter how bejeweled words may be;
Or flowered; or how sweet, how beautiful
The music that they hover in; the dress
That shows them off—'tis all one with the world;
Only that voice is listened to which Fortune
Throws to the top, no matter how or where!
The day will come when Man will fight for heat,
For air! It is a preparation for
This struggle that we now begin! Think you
That we will then let Greed and Creed divide us?
No! Every Race will be akin, the world
One nation, and controlled by thought and knowledge,
And motived by that Power which alone

Can bind the Race together in one State—
Religion—not the misdirected force
Which now disturbs Humanity, instead,
That Power seen throughout all Nature, which
Binds things together, makes the Universe
One thing! Know this: No matter how expressed,
There is but one Religion in the world—
We see it blindly occupy the lives
Of men; sometimes as fearful superstition;
Sometimes, fanaticism! It may appear
A blind philosophy which shows the world
To be a prison of the soul; no end
Or aim within itself; our life a hope,
Or dread; that's all! No actual living here,
But all hereafter, bargained for with tears
And groans in endless servitude of mind
And body—Hell on Earth, if Heaven hereafter!
This Failure fills the office of Religion
To-day, accomplishing its ends by all
The hardships Nature uses to evolve
The heart and mind, the cruelty in life
That made man think there was a Devil, Hell!
But when Religion is directed rightly,
'Twill realize the life destined for all;
'Twill be the last, the best, a scientific
Expression of the Deity! Religion, then,
Will be the bolt of Jove turned to the use
Of Man in sending messages of love;
The poison wild in Nature medicining pain;

Disease a dark device to further health;
The plan of Nature made coöperate
Through scientific knowledge as a guide,
The instrument this godlessness produced
By Infinite Design! To know this truth
Is unavoidable in the flow of years;
For Nature educates through cruelty;
Its only mercy pain; its favor Chance;
Its privilege the Struggle for Existence;
Yet out of it all the tender heart of Man
Has grown which feels around the world with Life
Since Life awoke, thus brothering Man with all!
When standing out beneath the Stars that show
The glory of the Universe, 'tis grand
To understand this pageant is but Man
Unorganized; that not a hope in us
But has its origin in distant Suns;
That nothing in our lives exists except
It come from Nature; know that we fulfill
The end and aim of All, by living All
Within ourselves! And when, at night, you lie
Awake, surprised that you exist, escaped
The cold of Space, the heat of Suns that once
Possessed the Earth, the accidents of Time,
The dire effects of Chance in ceaseless Change,
And all the ills of Life, oh, what a joy
To know that Death is Living, in disguise,
A grand device to make Life reach perfection,
So it will be aware, not be the dull

Existence of the stone that lives and lives,
Yet never lives; attain the whole of Life
In passing it to others, thus, at last
Possess the Everlasting Life! This knowledge
Transcends the hope of Immortality,
And brings a peace that nothing can destroy!
It demonstrates that Everlasting Life
Is quality, and not duration; state,
And not existence; years are foreign to it!
It is the consciousness of Unity
With Nature blotting out both Time and Space
In realizing everything in Self
And Self in everything, for you, for all!
Henceforth, the greater life will occupy
Our time! Instead of seeking honor, fame,
Power, the work of life will be to help
Our kind! To make the whole Race glad in living!
There is a pleasure in a growing flower;
What, in a growing soul! There was a joy
In bringing Nature to our rule; but what
Delight when all Humanity can go
Its way in joy, a ship at sea unmindful
The storm opposing circumstances!
Man's
A world within the factors of a world,
The true creation which the Universe
Has sacrificed all else to make self-conscious;
And, making, makes itself; for what would be
The panoply of night, the light of day,

If Man did not interpret them to be
Himself in essence, Nature in a Part;
So that the Whole may reach perfection, Man!
This conscious world creates Society,
Another world, it too within our breasts,
And minds, ending the process in the Life
Immortal here on Earth, in which the chief
Delight will be in knowing all there was,
And is and will be in the future years!
We front the world to-day, the first to reach
Enlightenment; that social consciousness
Which makes Mankind one Being, like in all
Its parts; so that a hurt to one is hurt
To all! The joy of one, the joy of all!
For this accept my thanks, my gratitude!

[*A brilliant light shines about Dr. Andrews, when the music stops. Ormazd is transfigured with light. Ahriman's face indicates his extreme torture. The Fool bows his head in contrition. The audience on the stage gives expression of its extreme joy by rising and extending its arms upward in thanks*]

CURTAIN

ACT IV

ACT IV

The setting is that of a park, with fountains; walks running off left. At the extreme upper left, is a beautiful cottage, made of gauze, invisible when not lighted. At the upper right, is a part of a manufactory, running. It is a beautiful and artistic building. At the lower right front, is a building showing Waring's law office. At the left, is a similar building showing the Fool's law office.

The Fool is discovered talking to some of his friends. Weird music. The lights are not natural.

As Mrs. Hardy enters, the men in the Fool's office depart.

MRS. HARDY

Is this a lawyer's office?

FOOL

Yes; madam!

MRS. HARDY

I wish to know just what it takes to get
A divorce.

FOOL

Fifty dollars!

MRS. HARDY

You do not
Quite understand.

FOOL

Perhaps I don't!

MRS. HARDY

What must
I prove?

FOOL

Oh, well, that's different!

MRS. HARDY

Give me
A case to go by

FOOL

Well, the cause I think
Most frequently resorted to to-day
Is cruel and inhuman treatment, mental
Or physical: He constantly provokes you;
Goes days and days without a word of love;
All kindness is requited with contempt;
Affection met with scorn; impossible
As it may seem, but there is not a moment
In which he does not make you feel he hates you!
Why, death itself would be preferred! Your health
Is giving way through this inhuman treatment;
You cannot stand it longer; sighs, then tears—
You understand, don't you?

MRS. HARDY

Quite so!

FOOL

For physical inhuman treatment, well,
Take this—

MRS. HARDY

What you have giv'n is quite enough!
Your fee?

FOOL

Say, fifty dollars!

MRS. HARDY

[*Giving him money*]
Thanks!

FOOL

Thanks! Thanks!

MRS. HARDY

Good day!
[*Exit*]

FOOL

Good day! I could have stretched it to
A hundred just the same! Huh! Huh! Well, well.
I always was a fool! And always will be one!
[*Enter Jones on crutches, seemingly very much crippled*]

JONES

Good morning, any news?

FOOL

[*Goes to safe and gets two large rolls of bills*]

We won our case!

Here is five thousand dollars!

JONES

[*Taking money and straightening up*]

Thanks!

FOOL

I keep

A like amount!

JONES

[*Improving in his injury*]

This ends it all, does it?

No after claps?

FOOL

None! Money is the end

And aim of all law suits!

JONES

[*Takes crutches and throws them down, stands erect, perfectly sound, then*

starts for the door counting his money]

Jack Cade to-day
Would be a lawyer instead of hanging them!

[*Stops outside*]

FOOL

[*Furiously*]

Ingratitude! Oh, were I Shakespeare now
To name the sum of thy iniquity!

[*Fool takes the crutches, and draws aside a screen which displays a pile of invalid chairs, crutches, and canes. The Fool lays the crutches on the pile and whistles a funny air. When he puts the screen back, Jones slips behind it thinking the Fool does not see him*]

FOOL

[*Holding up money*]

Descant about the blinded dupes of love,
Fanatics of religion, yet, when looked
At with the eye of reason, money-men
Are dupes beyond them all!

[*Looks to see if Jones is listening*]

From morn till night,
Not "dewy eve"—there is no beauty there—
From night till morn; for all its slaves serve night
And day, the money-makers ply their game

Contemptible! Stakes won or lost no difference,
The moil goes on! And yet they call it sanity!
[*Looks back at Jones*]
Unthoughtful as decapitated worms
Which battle with their hinder parts, convinced
They fight for life, and fight accordingly—
Man, money-mad! For he is part of all,
And in the end the havoc that he causes
Comes on himself! Unlike the worm, he lives
To keep himself from living! Money! Money!
The man who does not enter in the strife
Is measured by its standards, and condemned
As wanting! Devil never met success
More devilish, men engage in wrong more fruitful!
[*Looks back at Jones, who is very uneasy*]
To every drunkard comes a day when drink
Will not appease the appetite that it
Creates; and once in all Life's years an hour
May come when money's lust will overleap
Its bounds so much its crazèd devotees
Will see the hell its exercise creates,
And Life's great possibilities will steal
Upon them like a child into a miser's arms!
[*Jones tiptoes out with crutches, crestfallen. Fool waves farewell*]
Money! It is the chain with which I'm bound!
[*Acts as if he is about to destroy the money*]

In breaking it my flesh must act as anvil!
[*Pauses*]
Henceforth, you are a means and not an end!
I go that far!
[*Puts money in his pocket*]
If others help me not,
Then I am lost!
[*Securely fastens money in his pocket*]
Of all the vices men
Acquire—I speak advisedly with no excuse
To offer—none surpass the money-game!
It partnerships with every other vice;
And ends by banking with the virtues! Huh!
[*Looks about, feels that the money is safe. Darkness, weird music. Light appears in Waring's room. He is discovered talking to Mrs. Hardy. After a moment the Fool appears outside and listens to the conversation*]

WARING

Your story is affecting, but is it best
To separate?

MRS. HARDY

I scarcely know.

WARING

Consider!

MRS. HARDY

I came to you, I know not why! I felt
That you would tell me what was best to do
In my extremity!

WARING

I'm glad you came!

[*The Fool is seen to approach the outside door and listen to the conversation, presumably to see whether or not Mrs. Hardy follows his instructions. The effect of what is said can be seen on his face*]

Divorce should never be invoked until
All other methods have been fully tried,
And then, like surgery, a last resort!

MRS. HARDY

My life has been so disappointing!
What else can we expect when life depends
On others? Truly speaking, woman has
No life, distinctive, which the world would call
Her own!

WARING

I fear you are too pessimistic!
To live is joy! To breathe the air! To know
That Death is but unconscious Life! What more
Could mortal ask? To see the Sun o'ertake

The Dawn! The flowers bloom! The children play!
To hear the sounds of Nature, music yet
Unspoiled by Art! To feel throughout your soul
The working of that Pow'r which makes us know
That we are only Nature superfined!
If there was nothing else, this is enough
Of happiness to make life worth the living!
We know mind is the memory of all
Of Life from its beginning up to Man,
Each being adding its acquirement, Nature
Awakening in each of us what all
Have suffered in the School of Life since Time
Began; while feeling lives and moves throughout
The Universe! This is the end of Nature!
To know it is a joy that counteracts
All ills! Let's bury our frustrated hopes
In knowledge, which to know is Life Eternal!

MRS. HARDY

You are quite philosophic! But when pain
Is shooting through your heart the whole day long
The blooming of the flowers adds to it!
The common man wants not the naked truth,
But confirmation in his errors; so
It is an added pain to set him right!

WARING

If you discover a supposèd jewel,
You do not keep it, but cast it away!

Pain only shows wrong-living! Most of the hurts
Of this distressèd world can be avoided!
No matter what the hour, there's always time
For better living! And no life can be
More sad than one inspired by Self alone!
Deride rude Duty as you will, 'tis Love
Disguised; and Pain is but a cry for help;
While Conscience is a cruel friend who dares
To whisper us the Truth! And loss of Hope
Is sometimes loss of Self, which makes us seek
Our kind, and cast ourselves upon the Race,
And thus acquire the greater Life, which lifts
Us up, and ever after, we are happy!

MRS. HARDY

I said that we, perhaps, would meet sometime,
And then be friends! I little thought that Life
Would bring me to this day; but I have found,
When Love is gone, the light of life is dim!
It was true friendship that I sought, a sense
To find the way in my benighted world!
And this you've given me, my one true friend!

[*Bows head in tears. Darkness in the room. Light shines for a moment about the Fool who is deeply affected. Exit off left. Darkness. Lights appear in the park and Ahriman in a dirty and ragged dress*

enters from the upper left. The Fool follows unobserved. Weird music]

AHRIMAN

[*Coming down the stage limping*]
It is a fool Philosophy which thinks
To know the right compels the doing of it!
Why, that would make me moral! Preposterous,
Isn't it? Men go the wrong way when they know
The right always! I could enumerate
A thousand motives stronger far than Justice!
Out pessimistic thought! Remember how
The Punjab Indian preferred to carry
His barrow on his head to trundling it;
And did so when unwatched; because for him
To fall and catch himself—what walking is—
Suited his status better than the art
That Nature could not make—the wheel—till it
Invented Man! Men carry barrows on
Their heads in thinking now, and stones within
Their breasts, thus giving me my occupation!

[*Enter Victor, a boy, walking down from left with a book in his hand. The lights brighten and the music is sweeter, but still weird. The Fool listens*]

Good-morning, Son, know you I represent
The New Society of Race Advancement!
I ferret out the worthy, see they are

Provided for. So you love books! Your taste
[*Takes book*]
Henceforth, shall be looked after!

VICTOR

Sir, you know
Our motto is: Whate'er you have, sell half
Of it and buy books! They contain the laws
Of living— Nay, much more, the Race's mind!
To live you must possess them as your life!
Nature did much for Man! She could not give
Him knowledge, for it changes as the mind
Develops, so Society makes good
The fault, inventing books to perfect life!

AHRIMAN

[*Dumfounded*]
Your being young, perhaps, you would prefer
To go away to school, seek knowledge, Art,
Society, the life of youth within
Some University renowned for sport—

VICTOR

The seeker after knowledge needs no teacher
When adolescence is well passed, except
Himself! The world's great thinkers point the way,
Are great because of method more than merit!
[*Ahriman throws up his hands in failure. Enter from upper left Vic-*

toria, a beautiful young girl plainly dressed. The Fool still listens]

AHRIMAN

[*To Victoria*]
May I engage your interest in the world
Of fashion? It has a thousand things of Art
That you should have! It is a tragedy
That beauty such as yours should go unprized
And want advertisement in jewels, gowns—

VICTORIA

Real beauty is within, is mental, not
Outside adornment!

AHRIMAN

A doctrine preached
By plainness, quite unfitting you!
[*Victoria looks at him in amazement, then joins Victor and they go off right. Enter Mitchell, a common man, from left upper entrance*]
Perhaps,
Good Sir: I can gain your support. I have
A scheme to make untold wealth!

MITCHELL

Wealth? I ask,
Should anyone desire wealth now? The Race
Has entered on its higher life, and things

Are prized to-day not on the savage plane,
But of Humanity, intelligence!
The modern cannibal, the living off
Instead of on, the common man no more
Exists! You must be of the days long gone;
Or else a remnant of the underworld!

[*Mitchell walks off right as if insulted*]

AHRIMAN

My occupation! Oh, my occupation!

[*Weird music. Limps off right. The Fool follows him dumfounded. Enter Boyce and Conger from the manufactory*]

BOYCE

[*Dressed as a soldier*]
They are distinguished visitors to have
The President show them about!

CONGER

[*Dressed as a clerical*]
The dress
Of one is such that you would think him not
Distinguished for advancement!

BOYCE

Well, perhaps,
Not so! But what one lacks the other makes up!
[*Enter Fool from the manufactory looking for some one*]
Here is another stranger, let us ask
Him if he knows the visitors. Good Sir,
Which way?

FOOL

How pertinent your question is;
And yet who asks it? Ah! Which way? My way?
It is the whole world's way; and yet the world
And I have reached the time when we must part!

CONGER

What mean you, Sir?

FOOL

You asked, Who are the strangers,
The visitors, and, why the President
Would deign to occupy his time with them?
They are not men, but Gods! One represents
The Light of Life, the other, Darkness; I,
The World, have found them out! Ten thousand things
I never understood now stand out clear
To me; and all because at last I've reached

The one true point of view; attained the vision
That sees the One in Many, Many in One!

CONGER

Your dress betrays you, Sir! Oh, treacherous dress!

FOOL

Not only that, but it is quite enough—
For there is dress, and dress, and yet a dress,
Covering the whole of life, which will not off
No matter how your soul may struggle, you
Be cramped beside the which my garb, bemocked,
Is loosèd gown; because that dress enchains
The spirit as a body made of clay
Would dwarf the growing soul!

BOYCE

We sympathize
With you!

FOOL

[*As if coming to himself*]
I know what I will do! Farewell!
[*Exit right*]

CONGER

Indeed, we live a wondrous life!

BOYCE

A world
The Gods see fit to visit—

CONGER

The President
Be proud to show!

BOYCE

It is no boast! But, come,
We too must seek the Gods! Who knows? That's where
The Fool has gone!

CONGER

He said he was the world!

[*Exeunt right. Weird music, but grand. The manufactory lightens and the machinery begins to run. Men and women are moving about dressed in beautiful costumes. There suddenly bursts forth a full orchestra to the sound of the machinery. Enter President Andrews dressed in a magnificent costume showing Ahriman about. They are followed by the Fool*]

ANDREWS

The mechanism does the work, the rest
Is play! There is no labor, only oversight
To see that all runs smoothly!

AHRIMAN

Your output
Pays you?

ANDREWS

Each one performs his share; that's all!
Life's necessaries once produced with us
Are never wasted, but preserved. The rest
Of time is used in living!

AHRIMAN

This was a dream
Laughed at where I came from!

ANDREWS

'Twas so with us
For many years, but realized to-day
In actuality! Perhaps, as you
A stranger are, you'd like to hear this hour
A teaching from a visitor abreast
The age in culture and philosophy?

AHRIMAN

Like common Man, I'd rather be amused!
However, I will stay a while!

ANDREWS

I'm sure
You'll be repaid!

AHRIMAN

[*Temptingly*]

How comes it that a man
Of your position would degrade himself
By mingling with the general herd?

ANDREWS

Nonsense!
Position counts for nothing, worth is what
We prize! The stranger!

[*Weird music, but beautiful. Ormazd enters from right*]

AHRIMAN

As I expected! Well,
I see my fate!

[*Limps to one side. Ormazd is greeted by Andrews. Men and women enter. The manufactory stops. Grand music. Fool down stage on one side listens; Ahriman on the other dejected*]

ANDREWS

Brethren, we have with us
To-day a man who understands our life
In its entirety, him I present
To you, Ormazd, by name, my brethren!

SUPERINTENDENT WELLESLY

Greeting, Sire!

[*They all acknowledge the introduction*]

ORMAZD

Brethren, the world has seen the birth, the reign,
The full subjection of self-interest through
The natural evolution of Religion
From tribal cult up to Humanity!
Not Superstition which usurped its place,
With which you bartered for salvation,
Instead that Pow'r we see throughout all Nature,
Uniting in its grasp the Universe,
Resulting in its final form to-day,
The Socialization of Humanity!
Religion binds Mankind into a whole,
And when directed by the Social Sense,
Which is all-wise, a wrong to one is seen
By all! Instead of Law to rule the Race,
We have morality and science! Instead
Of force to rule the individual,
We have enlightened Conscience! Man holds
Within himself the Race and Self, the one
A mentor to the other! It seems strange
To you, and yet there was a time when Man
Preferred to hurt his fellow rather than
Himself! 'Tis sad to think of Savagery,
A prey to cold and want; and yet 'tis worse
To ponder on the Civilized, depraved
From lack of thought and feeling for the Race,
Which, when invoked, subdue the panic fear
As light unterrifies the darkness! Earth
Has ever brought a surplus wealth to Man;

But in the moil that constituted life
For many thousand years more wealth was wasted
Than saved! The struggle made us strong, the way
That God creates all things! Do all we can
No time will ever come when struggle will
Be over; but the time has passed when we
Should fight each other! Wrong is not innate;
'Tis undirected force due Ignorance!

AUDIENCE

[*Applauds with music and they flock about Ormazd*]

WELLESLY

The hour for recreation is at hand.

[*There is exquisite music and the men and women dance off left. Andrews and Ormazd go off right talking. Ahriman sits to one side and accosts Mitchell. Fool listens*]

AHRIMAN

Good Sir, do you suppose if I were you
That I would suffer anyone to boss me?

MITCHELL

Why not?

AHRIMAN

Because I would be free!

MITCHELL

For what?

AHRIMAN

To come and go—to be an individual!

MITCHELL

I am that now!

AHRIMAN

But he controls you fully!
[*Points after Andrews*]
Why not be free? Direct your own exertions?
Say, this is mine! Say, I do this! You, that!
With your intelligence, why, you could own
The Earth!

MITCHELL

What would I do with it?

AHRIMAN

Enjoy it!

MITCHELL

I do that now!

AHRIMAN

Then you could be supreme!

MITCHELL

Perhaps, some other one could better lead?

AHRIMAN

Alas! You have no wants!

MITCHELL

Indeed, I have,
But not the physical! I want to see
The Beautiful; to hear the Sweet! To know
The Truth! My soul is all afire to live
The higher Life! The only worth is mental!
The only honor moral! Not what you have
But what you are; not what you do, but what
You're fit to do, is gain! Worth is within!
There was a time men weighed achievement only,
But now 'tis possibility that gains
Us glory! We have a sense like Love which sees
The what we are without a demonstration!

[*Exit right looking at the dumfounded Ahriman*]

AHRIMAN

[*Sadly*]
I must be gone! At first 'twas preached, there is
No Hell, no Devil, now all Evil is
Restricted to a fight with Nature! I must
Be off!

[*Exit left. Sighing so loud it is ridiculous. Enter Andrews and Ormazd. Women and men form again as an audience. The Fool is deeply interested. Grand music*]

ANDREWS

It was as I predicted! Yes;
At first a few rebelled, but soon 'twas seen
That Life could be controlled; for men had long
Ceased being brutes: so they began the life
Of socialization which we now enjoy!
You're from the East?

ORMAZD

My habitation is
The world! I am a true cosmopolite!

ANDREWS

The same with us! The measures that engage
Us now are battles with the elements!
One people spread the Earth, for all are human!
The more we see, the more we know how hard
'Twill be to keep our footing on the Earth
As it grows old and older! 'Tis our hope
That we may fully realize to-day
The possibilities of Nature seen
Far in the depths of Space on starry nights:
Each star a Sun surrounded by its group
Of planets, each a home of life like ours;
And while we know the Earth is but a mote,
Yet Nature peopled it with forms, ourselves,
To comprehend the Whole; and finally
The depths of Consciousness will parallel
The depths of Space, and then the Universe
Will be conceived!

ORMAZD

[*Speaks as a man*]

And Death will lose its gloom
When Nature is no more a mystery;
Because we are a part of All, and All
Is actualized in us! Idealists
Are right only they put effects for causes!
The world makes mind, not mind the world! The
diff'rence
Between what is, and what they think is Truth,
Is to mistake the picture for the object;
To treasure shadows, savage-like, and not
Reality; for Nature is no more
Dependent on the mind than fact on fancy!
The mind is stored experience with Nature
In living bodies since in single cells,
Beginning in the primal deep, thence on,
'Tis handed down in repetition till
What Nature is, is mirrored in a form,
Repeated there, is organized; becomes
Another Nature; yet is only Nature
Accomplishing its possibilities,
Revealing All within a part, ourselves!
The idea and the object are one thing,
Identical in essence; but it takes
A billion years to make the one, a moment
The other; yet the likeness is revealed;
For each is repetition of one thing,
The mother energy? I do not count

The atom-frame in which the energies
Build up the mind as idea, for Matter
We know by being; but all else is energy
In Protean forms! So that it follows knowledge
Is recognition! To know, then, is to be!
The finished thing, ourselves, seeing ourselves
In elements! So what occurs at death
Is a resolving of the parts as in the first!
We have attained the breast on which to lay
Our heads, Humanity! When Nature ends
This cycle in its grand catastrophe,
We know another Nature will arise,
Another Race will then appear, and on,
And on forever and forever!

[*Beautiful music swells out, and the men and women go into the manufactory. Ormazd and Andrews exeunt right, the Fool following them, and Ahriman limping after him. Music changes to that of love. The lights are beautiful. Enter young Hardy and young Brooks as romantic lovers*]

YOUNG HARDY

When first she took possession of my eyes
There was a space of blank existence, as
When some great thing usurps the mind completely!
'Twas followed by an added life my soul

Caught up while 'twas away! I never knew
What joy was! Ah! Nor ecstasy! My heart
Was full so that no matter what engaged me
It called me back to its wild joy! I looked
On life with wider view of Hope, Ambition!
No flower went unseen; and every beauty
Of night and day obtained my homage! Oh,
I seemed to live some former life, remembered
As in a dream, and so became a part
Of Nature! This was how love came to me!

YOUNG BROOKS

Your confidence shall be respected!

YOUNG HARDY

I feel
She is my complement, my other self
To make complete existence in our union!
I do not breath the common air but some
Intoxicating sweet that flies throughout
My soul! I never told her of my love
In words; 'twas given in that grant of eyes
That spake before all language was invented,
Imparting more than all the words e'er spoken!

YOUNG BROOKS

There is much sadness in your father's life;
It looks as if 'twould blemish yours!

YOUNG HARDY

Each life
Is lived, affected by the life next to it
But little more than those remote! The chance
That made his sad has made mine happy!

[*Sweet music. They walk off left talking. Music still full of love. Enter Miss Brooks and Miss Waring dressed ideally*]

MISS BROOKS

Recite again the meeting of the lovers!

MISS WARING

Your interest makes me afraid to trust
Your ears again, my tongue to word this wonder,
For being too familiar with the story,
You may discover its true source!

MISS BROOKS

I know
The farthest fancy has a soul of fact,
But Friendship only sees that which the heart
Intends, no matter what it says or looks!

[*Takes out a manuscript, but makes no pretense of reading, and soon it can be seen that she is telling her own story. Beautiful music and the lights shine bright*]

MISS WARING

In Friendship's bonds I read: To that far Self,
Which some day I shall be, I speak my heart
To-day so it may have these words to help
It realize the God-like life of Love!
If mind alone were trusted, I foresee
No single heart can hold enough of love
To picture love! If every hour should speak
Its joy in all the years to come, not then
Would Love be known!
Despite my best endeavor
The joy of that first meeting will surpass
All effort of crude language to express!
As Wisdom's heart may be discovered through
A window of a word, my poor attempt
Mayhap will show in failure what love is;
For Love, like Wisdom, sees the whole in part!
And so, my Future Self, Love came to me
Another consciousness, as you, dim years
Ago, found me, and grew and grew until
There were two things, Self and the wondrous world!
There yet are two, but now He is the world!
At first, there flashed defiance in my soul,
Which lasted for a seeming age, in fact,
An instant, then surrender heart and mind,
My inmost being; yet I stood as calm
As when a child looks at the Moon and wonders!
It was allegiance to, not Him, but Life!
The purpose of my being was awakened

Within my heart! It blossomed, grew, became
Supreme! The blushes in my cheeks betrayed
To Him the secret Love misnames to others
But understands itself in secret hope
No matter how it may be covered up!
To say that I was happy would not speak
My joy! It was a kind of life, unknown
To man, and known to lovers only when
They answer love with love!
I never knew
Till then why Beauty wasted in the world,
What music meant, why skies are blue, the stars
So bright, the air so sweet, the day so grand,
What meant the cool of water to the lips,
Why life is one long unsubdued joy!
They are no longer mystery! They are
The added life of Love! I saw 'twas love,
Not life, because I knew it through my heart!
One soul at last stood out revealed, unveiled,
The what he was; and I myself was shorn
Of all the world puts on my sex; but then
The eyes that saw looked on with that far view,
Completely missing self in seeing Love!
And Doubt dared not outstretch his robbing arms,
For every hope was counted as fruition;
All aspirations were fulfilled; for once
Judgment was given with the same degree
Of justice as in hoped-for Heav'n; for Love,
Like Mercy, makes men Gods! Speechless he stood

And looked at me; for language knows no use
When souls meet so; and yet I realized
As from some former life, a hidden source;
That he to me was all there was of Life;
And while we stood, but for a moment thus,
It seemed that he and I had lived from all
Eternity, presaging when we part!
It is sublime to know that from the first
Of Time there is another half of Life
Somewhere destined to make complete your half;
But it transcends all words to tell the joy
When in the round of years, he comes to claim
His own, you wait to yield allegiance!

[*Miss Waring pauses, as in a trance. Miss Brooks glances left, and sees Young Hardy enter*]

MISS BROOKS

'Tis beautiful! Most beautiful, my friend.

[*She withdraws silently to the right as if not to disturb her friend*]

YOUNG HARDY

[*Running to Miss Waring*]

So far have I disdained the use of words
In loving you, Sweetheart! [*Kisses her*] When that first burst
Of love is gone there comes a time when love

Is so secure that it invites the use
Of language in its purpose!

MISS WARING

I have heard
It said that love no longer speaks in words
But utters Life in deeds above all dreams!

YOUNG HARDY

I come to translate into facts, my dear,
The dream that we have lived, and realize
Our union in a home! This ring I give
Is symbol of eternity! Our life
That has been and our life that is to come,
Not in some far away and mystic world,
But here on Earth in lives that were, and lives
That are to be!

[*As he puts the ring on her finger, there is exquisite music, and when they look away, there appears in the distance a beautiful home, and they go towards it. Lights cease to shine about them.*] [*Weird music. The stage darkens. Ahriman and Ormazd enter from the right. The Fool follows them at a distance unobserved. Ahriman seems very much downcast*]

AHRIMAN

I see small hope for me!

ORMAZD

And I see less! Hark you, henceforth, when men
Look at the distant stars, or wonder what
Existence is, they, then, will know that all
That Nature is, is nothing but themselves
In elements, containing everything
In essence on one hand, in history
The other! We have shown Man what he is,
Unveilèd Nature as we said we would!

AHRIMAN

But can he read the Whole within its parts?
Or see the part, himself, within the Whole?
That is the question which confronts the world,
And on its answer my existence hangs!

ORMAZD

The Universe is for itself, but Man,
Its favorite, is privileged to know
The Whole by having it in him recorded
As mind, and heart, and soul, Life, Love, Religion!
Self-consciousness, when truly understood,
Is simply Nature organized, the whole
Repeated in its units, that is all!
From Nebula to Nebula might be
Accomplished, yet Mankind not be evolved;

For Nature does not always do its best,
That boon resulting when fortuitous
Conditions favor it!

AHRIMAN

Injustice makes
[*Pointing to himself*]
Perfection possible in Nature!

ORMAZD

No!
All Nature is arranged by super-purpose
And is so constituted that Perfection
Becomes the child of sacrifice; hence Nature
Cannot create its greatest, best, Mankind,
Except by making everything pay tribute;
Evolving Man at the expense of all:
For everything that ever was, since first
The Solar System was begun, existed
And stands to-day that Man might live, and have
The whole of Nature centered in himself;
So that he might extend his Art to all
Of Nature when endowed with that true use
Of force which makes atonement for
The juggernaut of life, by realizing
The end, Immortal Life here on the Earth!
It is as if the Race had given all
Its power to one man, a King, and bade
Him exercise it for the common good,

And he would then be sovereign of the Race
So that impartial justice would be done
To all—a failure we have seen with men!
But in the case of Nature it will be
Successful, for Humanity was born
To be the guide of Nature, to actualize
Its purpose, turning all its wasting energies
Into the channels of economy;
So all the sacrifice will be repaid
By lifting everything up to the plane
Of faultless living until the cycle ends!

AHRIMAN

[*Sadly. To himself. Weird music*]
'Twas said: God's Kingdom is within your midst.
But with the world that day awry it looked
A travesty of Truth! Now with Mankind
Enlightened—Ah!—I will be laughed out of
Existence! Ah! What can I do? [*To Ormazd*]
But will
Man see the Truth?

ORMAZD

Just as a tear portrays
The hydrostatics of an ocean, so
The individual contains all Nature,
Not in a figure, but in fact and truth!
The two great forces of the world unite
In making him a God, controlling Nature,

Directing all its powers to one end,
A supplementing force by reason, Art,
And bringing out of Chaos order; ending
The plan of evolution in a life
That fabled Heaven is a vision of!
Immortal Life, the Infinite, is Life;
For all that ever was, or will be, finds
Expression in the life of Man to-day
When fully lived! 'Tis you who made him take
A promise for this great reality!
Then all the questions that now vex the Race
Will meet solution, for Humanity
Will be a God directing Nature, Man
Will understand the Scheme of Things entire,
And be in record and quintessence, true
Facsimile of All!

AHRIMAN

You pain me much!
You mean to say that all the dreams of Man
Come true in fact, here on this Earth, instead
Of Heav'n? That evolution has an end
A Life Eternal, that you realize
It in an instant by comprising All;
And Time and Space are nothing?

ORMAZD

You perceive,
At least in part, the trend of things to-day!

AHRIMAN

But will Mankind see this unveiling now,
Or force another cycle to ensue,
Another Age of Darkness follow this?
And Ignorance be deified again,
As in the Age of Faith when Great Rome fell,
Before enlightenment compels Mankind
To see the meaning of the allegories
Which constitute the world's philosophy?

ORMAZD

[*Fool comes forward*]

Let's ask the Fool, if he knows what the world
Is coming to, for after all, you know,
His verdict is the one the Truth must gain!

[*During the following speech the Fool is transformed into a rational man. The music, while weird, is beautiful. The lights shine brightly but unnaturally*]

FOOL

Instead of Nature taking all its atoms,
Developing all equally, producing
The highest form for all, it lets them take
Their turn. It makes a process of the whole;
Creates, within a Part, Itself; no matter
The cost, the time required; and after æons
This replica is brought up to Mankind,

Which lives by force, and fraud, and fear, and favor
Another æon, who knows, perhaps another;
Then follow æons of improvement till
The Individual, the Mind of Nature,
Is born! It seems that Nature sacrificed
All else that individuality might be,
But this is only true apparently!
What Nature could not do directly, Man
Accomplishes for all through sacrifice,
Real atonement, by directing all
The force and energy to consummate
The Plan of Things making the System find
In Man what it would be, had God omnipotent
Produced it by direct fiat at first!

ORMAZD

[*Triumphantly*]

He answers every question! What think you?

AHRIMAN

[*Cunningly*]

We'll put his knowledge to a moral test!

[*A dog comes out*]

Let's see which one can kick this brute the hardest!

FOOL

[*Intelligently*]

We ought to put into the life below
Mankind as much of light as possible! [*Fondles dog*]
'Tis sad to live and not to live by knowing;

'Tis sadder still to live and not to live
One's self; subserve some petted line of life
Or else oppose it, and have all the pain
And struggle with no issue of success
To look to in the future; be a brute,
A failure first and last! A train without
A track; a ship adrift at sea! And have
No chance of ever being set aright, Nature's
By-product which shows us what we escaped
By Fortune in the night of evolution!
Good Sir, if such a fate does not arouse
The feelings of Mankind, and make them give
Their sympathy to all below them, then
We have not reached enlightenment to-day
But linger in the darkness which depicts
The world a Hell now taught to be a life
Beyond the grave!

ORMAZD

[*To Ahriman, who stands amazed*]
What think you now?

AHRIMAN

Ah! Ah!
[*Expressing feelings*]
This is the miracle, a Fool to think!

ORMAZD

We have redeemed our promise to Mankind!

AHRIMAN

Humanity will never understand
Its situation in the world! One form
Of Truth obstructs the other! Enlightenment
Is practically impossible!

ORMAZD

Not so!

FOOL

The two great allegories that confused
The Race for centuries—the Fall of Man,
And Man's Redemption through the Christ—
are pictures
Of what the Individual must suffer
To reach the Everlasting Life on Earth!
Each one of us is Adam; each is Christ!
At first we live in union with the Race,
Then comes rebellion, ending in our fall;
And thus it is that Wrong is born; that Fraud
Is practiced as a Virtue, deemed essential;
Oppression justified! Man's world becomes
A world, usurping everything, that shames
The world of Nature in its cruelty!
The Individual begins the struggle
That typifies the conflict which the Race
Has suffered in its mythic history!
One day there is developed in his heart
The Power of Religion, which subdues

All else; he's crucified; is Christ! Atones
The Fall; attains the Everlasting Life!
Is one with God; and in his moment lives
Eternal Life, true immortality!
It is impossible for any Thing
To live forever; but the Whole of Time
And Space can be repeated in a moment!
Man's Immortality is realized
This way on Earth through Knowledge; for the Mind
Is Nature's register of Life's career!
The Body and the Universe are One
In essence; we, comprising all there is,
Are thus identical with Nature! Besides,
Each one of us lives o'er the Race again!
'Tis symboled in a thousand mysteries!
We picture it in myths and allegories;
In Gospels, Revelations, Scriptures, Truth!
It is the theme, disguised, in all that Man
Has writ of God! The key that will unlock
The history of the Race; the golden warp
That runs through Life on which the web of Truth
May be discovered in the finished cloth,
Enabling man to reach divine perfection
On Earth, the Purpose of the Universe,
What else could Nature mean?

ORMAZD

What think you now?

AHRIMAN

Think! Think! Ah! Ah! I only feel! Ah! Ah!—
But yet I say that Man will bitterly
Deny this Truth, will strew the stage of life
With dead before he sees himself expressed
In what he thinks is sacred history!
The very men who would be favored most
Are they who will be guilty of the murder,
The drama being nothing but your theme
In action; so I say no day will come
In which the Old Good will not crucify
The New and glory in the persecution!—

ORMAZD

Your main support is gone! Where is the Fool?

AHRIMAN

[*Giving up the Fool*]
My chief disciples are not sinners low,
But masters in high places, this remember!
The sinner is the butt, the host, the scapegoat!
The men who do my work live honored lives!
I make them think they're serving God, or Man;
And in a way they are, for Evil is
The natural way to Good; but you would have
The Mind direct the world, eliminate
All conflict from the Scheme of Things! No! No!
The Earth will never see the Good succeed
Because 'tis Good; reward and punishment

Will top the morals of the world forever!
My reasoning has assured me, let come the worst!

ORMAZD

But see! The Fool has been transformed! He leaves
You as a Thing beneath his notice! Ha!

FOOL

Henceforth, with Nature's new directing pow'r,
Mankind, the Earth will be reclaimed for all,
And made entirely ours; then will ensue
The Solar System's exploration; then
The Universe at large; and in the end
The Whole will be as simple as the Part—
For all that Nature does is to repeat!

AHRIMAN

[*Wildly rushing off the stage*]

The Fool *is* gone! My only hope's the Knave!
Ah! Ah!

[*Weird music, darkness. The center of the stage is almost in complete darkness. Hardy is discovered being borne on an ambulance which is let down. A spot light shows his face, while about him, phantom-like, are doctors, nurses, men. Music weird and full of pain*]

HARDY

[*Trying to lift his head*]
Why are you here? So many of you?
To note the anguish on my face? To mark
My pain? And if my cries your theories prove,
It makes you happy! Vultures of sad facts!
You talk among yourselves, stone-hearted men,
Secretly glad it is not you! Come, Sirs,
Why not give me some purchased hope? Why not?
If only lies! For with your airs, I do
Believe you could bluff Death himself through us
Confiding mortals!

[*Enter Ahriman. Weird music*]

AHRIMAN

Ah, I see it now!
This culprit's pain revives my life! The time
Was when I seemed supreme, how great the change!
For then I thought myself as necessary
As Life! But Time escaped, and with the dawn
Of Reason Error fled, and Fear, and now
I cling on to existence through the vice
That's represented in this sinner!

HARDY

[*To phantom shapes. Weird music*]
Speak!
Why are you silent? Come, what excuse that you

Give me no hope? [*Phantoms turn*] Do not
desert me now!
Where is your science? Where the skill you
killed
A thousand men to learn? You need another
To make complete your study? Ah, what solace
The fact for me to know that my demise
Brings up the normal average of those
Who die of my specific pain! Ah! Ah! [*He
laughs*]
Why do you laugh, you phantom monsters—Ah!
Oh, that depressing pain! That blow of Death!
I'd rather have a dog to lick my hand
Than all your boasted science, ignorance
Misnamed! I will not die! I will to live!
To reign! To rule! But when the pain increases
I know it needs must be myself alone!
I have no friends, no hope, ah, I am nothing!

AHRIMAN

[*Weird music*]

I would that I could help him live, but how?
I have no sympathy for him, instead,
Am happy in his ruin, so joy in tempting
Mankind astray! Still, if he die, what then?
What will become of me? I must arrange
Some plan through which Mankind may live again
This life; go back and struggle up once more

Through darkness and despair, so I may live
And thrive! I have it!

[*Exit off right showing signs of happiness*]

HARDY

I am accursed. I see
It now! The City light—the world beyond—
O, God, I had youth then! My life was yet
To live! The great, great moment when you know
Your life is all before you! 'Tis behind
Me now! I started down the open way—
I see it now—as thoughtless as a fool;
And yet I made my choice! The life of sin
Was peopled with the ones I then admired;
Those active men and idle women, bluffing
At Fortune to disprove their way of living!
I followed step on step until I walked
The plank of Failure—to amuse my friends!
Dropped in the deep oblivion—the sea
Of Shame! Ah! What I suffered must have robbed
Hell of its pain! To know that you are blind
Is nothing to the death of Hope! Oh! God!
To have Ambition pressed out of your life!
To feel, to know that you have been condemned,
Not suited to the sphere you longed to fill—
No fault of yours, but only that of Nature—
You could not join yourself on to the life

That you desired! Perhaps, an age too soon,
Or one a thousand years too late! All Chance!
Ah, Life is in the heart and when it falters,
Your body is a falling weight that seeks
Submersion in the Earth to hide itself!—
But for the moment, I forgot my pain;
Your standing there! You will not let me die?
I will begin it all again; select
Anew my lot in life, this time to act
With judgment! We experiment in living,
Try in our dreams our work-a-day ambitions!
I did not have a chance! It was too easy!
Onbounding youth should pause as if Death cried:
Hold! Hold!—I mutter to myself! Regret
Of age is balanced by the faith of youth!
God's scales can not be tampered with! Unlike
Mankind's makeshift God's justice is not errant;
Weighs true our hearts, and thus, when we are old,—
Gathered from Life's unnumbered instances—
We know that God is all; that in the Plan
Of things all Evil comes to nothing! Ah!

[*Enter Ahriman and Ormazd and the phantoms vanish. Weird music. Stage lightens somewhat*]

AHRIMAN

He craves another chance! His cries touched me!

ROLLINS COLLEGE

ORMAZD

Were we to grant it, would he live life better?

AHRIMAN

Undoubtedly, else progress is a myth!

ORMAZD

When you begin to moralize I doubt!

AHRIMAN

Your grace is gain! Because you demonstrate
Your own philosophy!

ORMAZD

[*Pondering*]
It lies with us
To let him live again!

AHRIMAN

My thumb is up!

ORMAZD

His prayer is one that all Mankind should make!
[*Weird music. The Gods stand as statues as in Act I*]

HARDY

O, Gods, who came to me when I was young,
Come now and make me young again; grant me
My youth once more! O, let me have another try

At living, have another chance at life!
'Twas not my fault that Failure overtook
My effort but the Chance that lives in Nature!
Life's not a struggle for existence, fame,
Power, advancement, place on equal terms!
No! No! The element of Chance decides!
Will you not hearken to my cry? Put Death
Away; and give me youth again— It comes,
That terror of the soul! Death! Death! Death!
Death!

[*Weird music. An image of himself appears, ghostlike*]

Take me away from it, myself! Ah! Ah!

[*The form vanishes. The Gods appear again as living men and approach*]

O, hear, great Gods, come banish now this wolf
Of pain that gnaws my heart away!

ORMAZD

I yield!
Thy prayer has met with favor, and to prove
That Life develops with the ages, you
Shall live once more; begin as at the first,
And show Mankind, if life were lived again,
That in each generation there is progress!

[*Ormazd stands in front of Hardy and waves his arms over him. Weird music and gradually the light increases*]

AHRIMAN

No matter what becomes of me! I thought,
If I could tempt him to experiment [*points to Ormazd*]
(God's vice), I'd get another lease of life
At Man's expense!

ORMAZD

Your hoped request is granted,
For dreams are many, life is one!

AHRIMAN

Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha!

ORMAZD

And you will see, while Life runs all
Awry in Nature, that with Man it's principled
Aright, and wins the goal by infinite
Experiment! 'Tis done!

[*Ormazd stands aside and there is a burst of joyous music. Hardy is lying asleep, a young man as in the Act I*]

CURTAIN

ACT V

ACT V

SCENE I: *The setting is the same as in Act I, except the statues of the Gods are draped in pink and lavender bunting, the college colors. The music while weird has a note of gladness in it. The lights are unnatural. Hardy and Waring are discovered seated at the table.*

DAVIS

[*Outside knocking*]

Open the door! Who ever saw the like!

[*Knocking*]

WARING

[*Leaping to his feet*]

I do believe I've been asleep! Ha! Ha!

HARDY

[*Apparently awakening and horrified. Weird music*]

Thank God! A terrifying dream was torturing me. It seemed prophetic of my future life!

WARING

I am not superstitious! Do not fear!

[*Students outside knock violently*]

HARDY

[*Opening the door*]

Come in!

[*Enter Davis, Brooks, and students*]

WARING

Welcome! But why knock down the door?

DAVIS

[*Looking at them intently*]

You've been asleep!

BROOKS

While on the watch! Suppose
The strikers had got in; broke down the statues,
Our holiday would be denied, and all
Our preparations spoiled through your neglect!

[*Waring and Hardy do not understand, are mystified*]

DAVIS

Show them the program! Prexy will surpass
Himself! The Skulls are out in force, will fire
A cannon for the death of ev'ry ill
Humanity is rid of through th' event
We celebrate! 'Tis something really great!

BROOKS

And every one is licensed to disport
Himself in truly oriental fashion!

WARING

[*Weird music*]
What changed the plans?

BROOKS

The strike!

HARDY

[*Dumfounded*]
When did it happen?

BROOKS

Last night! Did you not hear the disaffection?
The strike set things ablaze, the Skulls and all!
A meeting followed, resolutions, speeches—
And all that rot! Of course, a holiday
Became inevitable! What, at first,
Concerned but one fraternity was soon
Extended to the college, thence the town!

DAVIS

As if to dare the strikers' interference,
Why, we paraded streets and alleys all
Night long!

BROOKS

For we resent the statement made,
If we unveil the statues of these Gods
Bad luck will happen us! Dull Ignorance

May guard the Temple, but stark Superstition
Cannot control the School!

DAVIS

The plan is this:
Your speeches will precede extended ones
From all the faculty, co-eds, and Skulls;
So interspersed with songs to make us all
Forget the grind of School! We've waived the rules,
Thrown wide the doors of Freedom and invite
The Eastern world to enter in the Western,
The Past, To-Day, will thus observe the Future
Through magnifying circumstances!

WARING

Good!

BROOKS

The first thing is the grand review; the next—
We have no time to spare—you play the parts
Of Ahriman and Ormazd—see! We bring
You gowns and crowns! Make haste! For here they are!

[*Hardy dons the dress of Ahriman, Waring that of Ormazd. The college band begins to play. There is a touch of weirdness in the music. A great body of students march in headed by Dr. Romaine. The students are about equally divided as to*

sex. The costumes are beautiful and picturesque. The rear of the procession is brought up by the Skulls led by the Fool. Miss Denham is dressed as the Grecian Goddess Artemis, Miss Selwyn as Athene. During the marching the students sing. Lights are beautiful but unnatural]

STUDENTS

All hail the union of
The East and West,
And let us mark the day
With joy and rest!

Let down the bans and bars
Of Faith and Hope,
And find the Truth within
The wider scope!

Oh, sing the glad new song
Of Freedom's day,
And hail the end of Wrong
For aye, and aye!

The world at last is one
With peace on Earth;
No more the cry of Pain,
But Joy and Mirth!

All hail the happy day,
The fruit of years!
The birth of Right and Peace,
The Death of Tears!

All hail the wondrous work!
All hail the way!
All hail the end of strife!
All hail to-day!

ROMAINE

My Friends: The first to speak on this occasion
Is one beloved by all!

STUDENTS

Hawtry! Hawtry!

HAWTRY

Comrades: I little dreamed when we acquired
These statues, now to be unveiled, th' event
Would be so solemnized! But then the world
Moves on to upward heights! While I may take
Somewhat of this occasion to myself to-day,
I must bestow an equal honor on my colleague
Dr. Andrews! [*Applause*] Because from him we gained
The learning which enables us to show
The world that we are oriented, free,
Seen in the rite that we now celebrate!
Some day we hope to hail him President

Of these United States! [*Applause*] The scholar then
Will come into his own, and thought and things
Will be in that relation which the Truth
Demands; and Life no more be marred by Ignorance! [*Applause*]

STUDENTS

Andrews! Andrews!

ROMAINE

He needs no introduction!
[*Applause*]

ANDREWS

My Friends: There is no rite in our great life
That carries with it more profound concern,
Is greater, than the marriage of true hearts! [*Applause by Skulls*]
It is because it symbolizes Nature!
A union found throughout the Universe,
And yet unrecognized! As love began
In strife, passed on to courtship, then to Art;
So of this higher marriage, but until
To-day unseen! The death of Socrates,
Think you, subserved no purpose than to stop
His mouth? Instead of that it brought the thought
Of Greece into one system which led Man
A score of centuries throughout the world,
A fruitful marriage, was it not? Most fruitful!

Then Rome with men and arms o'erran the world,
A marriage in its way, which we attain,
Or will attain by Reason in the Future!
Sex runs throughout all Nature; seen in plants,
In elemental id, in animals—
Not only that, for Life is also sexed
As plants and animals with appetite
To marry them! Again the sex device
Appears in tribes, confederations, states,
In peoples, civilizations—all Mankind!
Everywhere we find uniting forces
Marry the sexual halves which were divided
So that all forms might have a wider touch
With Nature in the Struggle for Existence!
The severing of all these forms is caused
By radiant force which when it reaches us
Is mind that differentiates by Choice
And not by Chance thus ending in Perfection!
The highest form of building force, Religion,
Unites the static and dynamic halves
Of Man so racial progress intervenes.
At first, as now, by storm of force, crude War,
The Devil's game, in which the Human Race
Becomes its own worst enemy, unlike
All other life, killing itself in blindness,
Being avenger and avenged, and battling
Until both sides succumb in death united!
Religion thus perverted, as Love in lust,
Consolidates the sundered halves of Man

In holocausts of blood, not through the light
Of guiding Science, Life's true protective boon,
Through which Religion will prompt Man to Peace,
And not destruction, be Divinity's
Supreme and full expression, not the Devil's
What it becomes in War! Evil is Good
Directed ill; while Good is Truth in action!
So when Religion is controlled by Science
Humanity will make the Earth one nation
With nothing to oppose it but the push
And pull innate in Nature! How different these
Unitings seem, and yet are one in essence!
In war 'tis loved and lover o'er again!
If nation be not guided then, the one
As savage clubs its mate into submission;
Thus Nature blindly strives from low to high!
Religion in uniting nations now
Is madding force to motive frantic war,
And not a greater love as when controlled
By Truth! Think you that war to-day would not
Be murder if some blind Divinity did not
Approve it? The world has never thought Religion
Could breed a vice! It could not see so deep!
As love is blind so is this greater love;
But not content with being blind itself,
It gouges out the eyes of all the world,
Proclaims as perfect things belying it
In part and whole, a fault we see in Pagan,
Not in ourselves! If we could look at him,

As he at us, then we would see ourselves
In him! Blind eyes can only see through eyes
Of others! Grant Religion can become
Perverted, then we see the Deity
Makes no exception, but entrusts all Nature
To us; lets us work out perfection best
We can; uniting peoples now by Reason,
If possible, if not, by Fraud and Force,
Putting Mankind upon a plane with Matter,
The lowest form of combination! We know
This greater Love will some day bind the Race
As one, in joy so great, in life so grand
That lovers' bliss to it will be compared
As starlight to the Sun, and cease to be
The theme of books, the lilt of song, the bread
Of Life, the breath of Art; will stay at home
With Self where it belongs by Nature; for
Religion then will flood the world with peace,
Be giv'n the throne of Selfishness and Love!
The proper life of all, that perfect day,
Will be Humanity! For one brief hour, we live;
But in that time, we compass all of Nature,
Eternity, are Infinite, at one
With God!
We meet to-day to solemnize
A union, not the lower kind, nor yet
The higher, but a union of the East
And West, prefigured in these Gods, not Gods

As such, but what they symbolize! We do
Not speak beyond the present scope of thought
And well within the common trend of things,
When we assert the eyes of men were made
To see the world entirely! If our minds
Were free to think, the strife of union then
Would be averted! Thought is one! The time
Will come when thinking men will see the Truth
Expressed in every stage of life the world
Has seen from Savage dream up to Savant
No matter how obscured and dark it be
By figurative expression!

FOOL

Stop! Hear me!
As I am licensed by the World to speak
My mind (for anything can be expressed
In jest), I want to tell you what this means:
We all are wrong in what we think, and all
Are right depending on the reader! Now,
My occupation is to try amuse
The world to satisfaction, yet you'd do
Away with my vocation!

ROMAINE

Why, it does
Not matter!

[*General laughter*]

FOOL

Let us see! Were I to go
Then who will feed the gaping crowd with nothing?
[*Romaine waves the Fool away. Weird music*]

ROMAINE

Let's to the marriage of the East and West!
The first to speak—

STUDENTS

Ormazd! Ormazd! Ormazd!

WARING

[*In the character of Ormazd. Weird music*]
I am the light of day! The mind in Nature!
The Heaven of the glorified! I am
The seed of Good! My name has many forms;
And yet I am the same the wide world o'er!
At some place in the distant past, long years
Before Mankind had grown to its full stature,
Aspiring souls discovered me, and called
Me Good, and as the world passed on from place
To place, at last, a people was encountered
Which could not speak my name, but called it God!
And as it put its hope in Good, it prospered;

In time it covered all the world! But that
Is in the Future!

ROMAINE

The next to speak, Ahriman!

HARDY

[*In character of Ahriman. Weird music*]

Quite early in the life of Man, one day,
A certain fellow, whom I will not name,
Discovered Evil but misnamed it Devil;
And so y-clept I came down through the ages!
Near any one in this conceited day
Could make a world without me, yet all Good
Is in my debt! I am the prop that Good
Leans on! The anvil of events! The sting
To guide aright the errant ones! The shade
Which blended with the light depicts the world!
God runs through all! I am the pain to point
Where God is not! This much in my defense!
My half the world makes no profession, show;
Sincerest love is silent service! The same
Is true devotion! While scant homage comes
To me, I serve the world by opposition!

ROMAINE

The next, Athene with the Voice of Power
Will speak!

MISS SELWYN

[*As Athene. Weird music*]

As Goddess of the Greeks, the world
I pictured so that ages yet to come
Could not outdo! I brought philosophy
Into the world; made Greece produce a life
That's unsurpassed in glory e'en to-day—
At what expense need not engage us now!
I taught great Alexander how to war,
Spread Pagan life through Time and Space! Besides
The world of Art would be unknown, likewise
The function of right-living, but for me,
Both now unjustly claimed by others! I disdain
All sentiment, achieve results, like Nature,
Reckoning not the cost! The superman
Has been my aim! In Alcibiades
He lived, in Cæsar and Napoleon!
He lives to-day in all who seek supremacy
Of self, the busy brute who herds Mankind
As sheep, and demonstrates what he can do
When he usurps the pow'r that wastes itself
In Nature and Society! The cry
That yet will set the world aright, is back
To Greece, to Art, to thought, to life at any cost
So that the strongest man may be supreme!

ROMAINE

Artemis speak her message to the world!

MISS DENHAM

[*As Artemis. Weird music*]

With the achievements counted, it would seem
That nothing else was left for me to do,
Such Fate was not decreed; besides, Life's war
Will justify some scheming for the Good!
Howe'er, I will not prove that now; instead
Will show the inmost secrets of my heart,
And you can judge the pain it costs me when
Love makes me close its door to ambush Love!
Man's strife with Nature is continuous!
I am his faithful visitant in all
His battles with concealèd ills to-day
As in the past! 'Twas I who taught him how
To spear the mastodon, and to discover
The microscopic germ, an enemy
More difficult to kill! But greatest yet
The Art to fight himself, to rid his heart
Of instincts which he has outgrown entirely
Impeding his development in stature
To that high self which joins to other selves
To make the highest self, Humanity!
This is the world-wide field of work for all—
Self-subjugation through self-sacrifice!
The symbols of Religion parable
This fact behind the veil of allegory,
Making the Individual a hero,
Or God, who sacrifices self for all!
The Purpose of the world is such that Man,

The fruit of endless suffering, yet must lay
His life upon the altar, and become
With *Christos* one, one with Humanity
Before the resurrection of the Life
Religion gave to Man when in the Tribe
Can come again, the Golden age of unity;
And he redeem the Race from Selfishness;
Complete the Process making it accomplish
What Nature aimed at in the first design!

[*Weird music. A bomb explodes outside, followed by darkness. A curtain is dropped between entrance two and three, and the hangings in front are raised*]

SCENE II: *On the right is a loggia of a college building, on the left a part of a sorority house. The rest of the stage is dark. Lights appear in a room in the sorority house and Miss Denham and Hardy are discovered as in Act I.*

HARDY

You've given me the secrets of your sex,
And I'll betray you mine! We thus support
Each other in our plans enabling each
To win, for Love like War discounts all means,
O'er-leaps all principle to victory,
Being a world apart from right and justice!
You've told me from your woman's heart what flag

To raise, what folly preach, position take
To force surrender unconditional!
For Love like War succeeds when disaffection
Makes hopes and soldiers undecided in the face
Of Opposition. You've traitored me success!
I'll tell you in the secret code the way
To capture him, for Love like War, a great
Tactician is and forces victories
Through subterfuges, and not the open way;
So listen to a general, not a saint! [*Laughs*]
Observe the world in action, not in speech;
For words are traitors all the time, you'll learn,
While actions when disguised the most speak true!
Love's brother is Compassion, so when Love
Comes not when called invoke his substitute!
The end's not love, but marriage; and when made
One marriage is as happy as another
No matter how 'tis made; life teaches this!
For Love is Nature's trick enthralling us
In living meshes, then deserting us!
Love is a poor companion when Want knocks
Upon the door! It is not sweet when mixed
With hunger for the things that Love can't buy!
So call his willing brother to your aid
By that dissimulation which your sex
Is famous for, making yourself as dear
And near to him through Sympathy as Love!
So then with voice, and eye and gesture tie

Feigned sorrows to his heart; and when its strings
Are full, he will not know its pain from Love!

MISS DENHAM

I thank you very much, my best of friends!

HARDY

And I thank you, my friend! Meantime, with Pride
And Power harnassed to Love's car, I'll bid
Her journey to the City of Ambition!

MISS DENHAM

Remember not one word of Love and she will go!

[*Weird music. Darkness. Lights appear in the loggia on the right. Dr. Andrews is lecturing to the students, Ahriman, and Ormazd. The characters are all as in Act I*]

ANDREWS

Be not deceived! No matter what a Book
May say God is, what follows after Death,
Remember Nature cannot be gainsaid!
It is the best and only sure expression
Of what God is, and Man's relationship
To Him; and if undimmed by thought that men
Exploit for pay; or hopes men entertain
Through folly, it will speak its heart to all!

FOOL

'Tis blasphemy!

WARING

Silence! Or out you go!

HARDY

The world has listened to the Fool too long!

WARING

The Knave too much!

STUDENTS

Then out they go!

[*Weird music. The students rush the Fool and Ahriman off the stage. Darkness follows. There is a second explosion*]

SCENE III: *The curtain is raised between entrance two and three and the hangings as in Act I are lowered. When the lights come on, the first scene is taken up as if there had been no intermission except the noise of the bomb. The Skulls begin to yell outside. Enter the students with the strikers as prisoners.*

SKULLS

[*Outside*]

Eat 'em up! Eat 'em up!
Men of Blair! Men of Blair!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Blair! Blair! Blair!

ROMAINE

What does this mean?

BRINKMEYER

[*Leader of strikers*]
Why, we demand our rights!

ROMAINE

What rights? Speak out your grievance!

BRINKMEYER

Some one has said
The bunting of the statues is not made
By Union Labor!

STRIKERS

'Tis so!

FOOL

A petty thing
On which to base a strike!

BRINKMEYER

Let me explain!

ROMAINE

Pray, who are you?

BRINKMEYER

I am an agitator!

FOOL

His business!

ROMAINE

What! Do you make trouble?

BRINKMEYER

Yes;
The world owes me a living, same as you!

FOOL

You have no cause to strike, see, can't you read?
This bunting has the union label on it! [*Shows label*]

BRINKMEYER

Let me tell you what Karl Marx says—

DAVIS

Karl Marx?

FOOL

The God of Socialists! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

BRINKMEYER

Nay! Nay! He is the laborer's friend! Hear him!

ROMAINE

Proceed!

FOOL

Be brief!

HARDY

And to the point!

ROMAINE

Proceed!

BRINKMEYER

Men enter in relations, definite,
And indispensable, thereby promoting
Production for the general good,
Unconsciously and independently;
Relations corresponding to the growth
Of natural production of the Race,
Making material wealth substrate, base
All superstructures of Mankind.
Political, judicial, religious, ethic
To correspond to certain forms of mind.
The consciousness of Man does not determine
Environment, instead environment
Determines mind, all institutions, laws.
At certain stages of development
The forces of production fight its forms,
And revolution follows. With a change
Of economic base, the world is changed!
Such transformations come, not through the mind,
But economic circumstances!

DAVIS

Does any one
Know what he's saying? Speak!

FOOL

It's in my eye!

HAWTRY

In simple language what he says is this:
The bread and butter question settles all.
The quality of human thought is made
By human want! Instead of all that's good
And great determining what life is, 'tis hunger
That fixes what the world desires! Again,
Mankind has taken causes for effects!
'Tis not the stomach that controls but Mind!

FOOL

Dutchy, you put the finger round the ring!

HAWTRY

It is not Class but Social Consciousness
That should control Mankind; not conflict; but
Coöperation is true Socialism!
Religion, and not Selfishness and Greed,
Should motive it; then Justice as a flower
Will fill the world with sweet perfume of joy,
The way Humanity must use all Nature
To reach the goal of Life Eternal here
On Earth! No cause can rise above its motive!
When men deny to Superstition the soul
Of Good that makes it thrive to-day, Religion,
And let Religion work its natural function
On Earth instead of being supernatural;
Then Man will be directed by the Truth,
Be motived by an energy sufficient

To actualize the dream of Socialists;
And Man will cease to be a child of Nature,
Its only kindness careless cruelty,
Accomplishing through pain the aim of Life,
Which with intelligence can be attained
Through joy, avoiding all the horrible
In Nature, and become a child of God,
The object of the whole creation!

ROMAINE

That day
The flow'rs of Life, the Good, the Beautiful,
The True, will be the coin of Earth to buy
Our livelihood and not the pots of Egypt!
I see no cause for disaffection!

BRINKMEYER

We demand
Our rights!

STRIKER

See! We get them! This bunting's made
By Union Labor; so 'tis you betrayed us!
Let's cast him forth!

MEN

Aye! Aye!

[*Men and students led by Skulls rush Brinkmeyer off the stage. Weird music. The Fool stands at the entrance grimacing*]

HAWTRY

This is the vice of labor—to entrust
Its leadership to agitators, instead
Of men who have the cause at heart; and know
When justice is presented fully now,
'Twill of itself win victory and peace;
But using either force or fraud success
Costs more than failure!

FOOL

[*Looking off*]
Up with him! Ha! Ha!

[*A third bomb explodes, weird music and darkness. A curtain between entrance two and three, descends; and the hangings rise disclosing a loggia of a college building on the right and a sorority house on the left*]

SCENE IV: *It is night and the stars can be seen. Weird dreamlike music. Waring enters as in Act I a romantic lover. He throws a small shot up at the window in the sorority house, and when it strikes the window a light appears, and when a second shot strikes the window Miss Selwyn opens the casement and looks out.*

WARING

'Tis I! The stars of night bid lovers forth!
A call that Youth can't disobey! So come!

The words you spoke in spirit said that you
Would let the wings of Fancy lead you forth,
So now why not adventure while the stars
Are marching to the dome? for ere you know
The Dawn will drive Romance away, and make
The world full of prosaic eyes! Come! Come!

MISS SELWYN

You tempt me much against my will to try
To brook Fate in compelling us to act
Or not to act without deceiving us
In thinking that we wish that which we do,
And will is free after the action as
It was before, no matter if in our regret,
We prove it isn't! You remember, Sir,
I am a woman, easily diverted,
Never directed! I admire your ruse,
Which, being woman I cannot but see!
I should not listen, let alone appear
To yield to your calamitous desire!
To tell you truly all, your only hope
Lies in a curious conflict which exists
Between my selves, impelling me to yield
Or not to yield, both being victors! Ah!

WARING

You're kind and good! Forgive me will you not?
I cannot speak my heart! I seem to be
The habitation of another self,

Which, in possessing me, has driven out
Myself! And what I say I would not say,
And what I wish to speak dies on my lips!
This other self cries Life and Love! It bids
Me worship you! It sees in you perfection!
All Nature superfined! Nay, more than this!—
You are to me the end and aim of being!

MISS SELWYN

Your language is so weird, you frighten me!

WARING

Be not afraid! You are a flower, blown
To look upon, and not to touch! A soul
Transcending all of womankind! Unlike
A queen, more like a goddess wonderful,
Receiving love in worship from the world!

MISS SELWYN

'Tis sweet to hear the music of your voice!
It touches delitescent chords within
My heart I did not know existed! Ah! [*Expresses feelings*]
'Tis sweet to be thus tempted! Oh, I bid
You speak!

WARING

Come! Will you not? Near every child
Seeks for the Beautiful, would pluck the Moon

As if it were a flower petaled fair
Against the broad black leaves of Night with stars
On them as scattered fire-flies sleeping! Oh!
It is innate in us to worship queens
At any cost! Aspire where Reason sees
No hope! There is no bound to Love's desire—
So blame me not! You are beyond compare
In all that men name when sublimity
Demands expression! Come! Come! Come! Come!

MISS SELWYN

[*Yielding. Weird music*]
Yes! Yes! But if I trust myself to you,
Pray what assurance can I have that you
The fabled lover will not be, e'en now,
And carry me away!

WARING

My word! I pledge
[*She disappears at window*]
My honor, and I swear by Life and Love
To bide your will!
[*Light appears below*]
Delight divine enshrines me!
Love! Love! Love! Love!
[*She opens the door and he madly takes her in his arms and kisses her savagely. She yields for a moment then repels him. Weird music*]

MISS SELWYN

You vowed I should be safe,
And yet you crush me to that death delightful,
Which lovers crave, becoming one with some
One else—

[*He attempts to re-embrace her*]

No! No! One such embrace doth quite
Suffice! If this be Love, and Love it is,
I've had enough to satisfy my heart
For aye, and aye! Were there another world,
And it were fabled that by killing self
'Twould all be yours, what would you gain?
A world, but suffer Death! 'Tis so of Love!
I thank you for this touch of Love—Ah! Ah!—

[*Remembering the sweetness of the kisses*]

And some day when it is forgotten, come
To me [*cruelly*] we will be friends, and live the life
That now must be denied!

[*Goes in. Weird music*]

WARING

[*Wildly, understanding the kind of woman she is at last*]

You murder Love!
O, God! Ah! Ah!

[*Rushes away like a mad man*]

MISS SELWYN

[*At the window above. Doubtingly. Weird music*]

Love is not all of Life!

[*Darkness. The stage lightens slightly in front. Ahriman and Ormazd are seen as in Act I. Weird music*]

AHRIMAN

No matter what Mankind experiences,
It teaches little to the coming race!
Each life is like a dream that comes and goes
Forgotten soon as past! Love's admonitions,
If possible, are truly more absurd!
Instead of heeding them, the surest dupe
Of Love is its most frequent victim!

ORMAZD

Nay!
Because the world learns slowly, you would have
It not at all, make progress all a myth!
To him who gets the general view of things
Improvement stands out fully, 'tis the Truth!
To specialists, [*Pointing to Ahriman*] 'tis different!
Ha! Ha!

[*Exeunt off right. Weird music. Light appears in the loggia. It is a meeting of the Trustees of Blair University trying Dr. Andrews for*

heresy. The Fool and Ahriman are witnesses]

ROMAINE

[*To Ahriman and Fool*]
'Twill never do to advertise what we
Oppose! 'Tis safer far to flatter it!
Belief will multiply a hundredfold
Gardened in toleration, while, if periled
In open fight, 'twould be exterminated!
We learn as we go on! [*To Andrews*] And while we do
Not sanction your progressive thought as spoken,
We are too honest, Sir, to blame you for it!
Instead we dignify you with a title—

[*Attempts to put emblem of a degree on him*]

FOOL

No! No!

AHRIMAN

[*To Fool*]
The silken bonds of place restrict
More than the chains of prison, for they bind
The mind from all expression!

ORMAZD

True! Quite true!

FOOL

I'd rather see him suffer!

AHRIMAN

Suffer? Ha!
The sorrow of not thinking far exceeds
The hopeless pain of lack of recognition;
For Genius is so much a part of all
Humanity 'tis satisfied to know
That future men will honor it though it
Be dead a thousand years! Do not protest!
But let them load him down with honors; chains
That bind the heart and soul!

ROMAINE

[*To Andrews*]

Good Sir, instead
Of punishment, we now confer on you
The high degree of—

ANDREWS

Hold! First let me speak!
Gentlemen: I decline your gift! I prize
My freedom far above your fictive honors,
And tender you my resignation instead!

AHRIMAN

[*To Fool*]

Cry blasphemy!

ORMAZD

This man will some day rule
The world!

AHRIMAN

That's what I fear! [*To Fool*]
This is no place
For us!
[*Exeunt right. Weird music*]

ROMAINE

[*To Andrews*]
Stay! This will never do! Hark you,
[*To Trustees*]
To have it said that such a man resigned
Would ruin us! Give us a moment, Sir!
[*Consults with the Trustees. Weird music*]

ORMAZD

[*To Andrews*]
A wise commander does not scrutinize
Too closely all conditions of surrender,
Sufficeth it, his cause succeeds!

ROMAINE

Good Sir:
You keep your chair upon your own conditions;
For all we ask for is efficiency;
Believe what e'er you will on any subject!

ANDREWS

[*Consulting Ormazd*]
A moment, Sirs!

ROMAINE

[*To Trustees*]
No college can dictate
What teachers think to-day!

ANDREWS

I will forget
The past; retain my chair in perfect freedom!

TRUSTEES

Aye! Aye!

ORMAZD

The world evolves!
[*Another bomb explodes. Weird music and darkness*]

SCENE V: *The curtain rises and shows the stage as at the end of the third scene, which goes on as if there had been no intermission except the expulsion of the strikers. The students on the outside, led by the Fool and Skulls, march in singing, and everything goes on as a part of the original program of the unveiling.*

STUDENTS

We come, we go, as years go by
But Alma Mater stays;
Both old and young exult in her
And ever sing her praise!

The world gives us a thousand things;
We're scattered far apart;
But Alma Mater, our true love
Reigns always in our heart!

So when this life is slow and dull,
And every day is long;
Our troubles fly, if we but sing
Her merits in our song!

Dear Alma Mater, warp of life
That's woven in Time's loom,
Receive our loves, our lives, our all
Until the day of Doom!

[*Applause and great demonstration*]

ANDREWS

My Friends: At last we've reached the day in life
In which the Race is looked at as a whole,
And Man its child! The Solar System is
A process, which, beginning with the atom,
Unorganized, dispersed, in space, develops
That world within a world which is our life!
We understand just what things are to-day
Because the primal world repeats itself
In us, age in and out, until it mirrors
The whole; while we in repetition make
The Race, the master process of the world!
Let us not war about our words through lack

Of thought. The mechanistic theory
Does not preclude the spiritual,—no more
Than does Idealism, the Real! Both forms
Of thought express the self-same facts in Nature,
Looked at from different points of view! To-day
When we unveil these statues, showing all
The world-wide trend of thought, we do not pledge
Ourselves to any view that will preclude
The Truth no matter how it be expressed;
Because we only wish to show that now
At last, we know what Nature is in fact;
And purpose that henceforth, we will direct
Its efforts! Every stage of mind has spoken
But now the facts will be allowed to speak;
And what was said in symbol through a veil
Will be expressed in scientific language;
And what was magnified in allegory
Will be expressed in simple facts; and God
Will speak to Man through Knowledge, not through
Faith!
The dreams will go, but in their place the Truth
Will stand, a wider view, a higher Life!
The hoped-for joys of Heav'n will yet be found
On Earth, the Everlasting Life of prophecy!

FOOL

We've had enough of this! 'Tis like a prize
Convention where each man admires himself
As seen in others, and, does not perceive

He's talking to a mirror! Let's unveil
The statues now, or else devise a drama
Worthy our Alma Mater!

ROMAINE

Pause! You must
Forget the purpose of this great occasion!

FOOL

What signifies occasion? Nothing, Sire!
Nothing! The minister announced a sermon,
A thousand feelings and ideas took
The opportunity of exercise,
Excluding sermon, minister, and Church!
The same is true of everything extant!
D'you think, most Reverend Sir, we care at all
For this Unveiling? Each fellow has a pair
Of eyes he's looking for! Of course, you Profs.
Are thinking of your vanities, the Gods
And Goddesses, well, I can guess their thought,
They being in the image of Mankind,
But greater, add brag to what they think! For me,
Let's stop this talk, get down to business—
May I suggest—

STUDENTS

Go on!

FOOL

How would a marriage
Between Artemis and Ahriman strike you?
Likewise between Ormazd and Athene?

[*Weird music. Great applause and demonstration. The procession forms as in the ceremony at the end of Act II.*]

STUDENTS

Hurrah!

ROMAINE

As we are here to celebrate the Gods
I see no impropriety in this!

HARDY

[*Struggling with himself*]
No!—I—protest!—

WARING

And I protest!

FOOL

And I
Insist! Would you prevent a view of Life?

HARDY

I've had enough!

FOOL

Let's put it to a vote!
Shall we?

STUDENTS

Aye! Aye!

FOOL

There is no turning back!

HARDY

It cannot be! Let us unveil the statues!

FOOL

This is a part of it! Proceed!

HARDY

[*Screams wildly. Weird music*]
No! No!

FOOL

[*Lights as in picture marriage*]
Let everyone take part! [*He arranges them*]
Form two and two
We'll have a wedding kings and queens cannot
Surpass!

[*Weird music turns to a wedding march. Dr. Romaine comes down and joins the hands of Hardy and Miss Selwyn, Waring and Miss Denham*]

ROMAINE

[*To Hardy*]
Do you espouse this woman as
Your wedded wife?

HARDY

[*Screaming horribly*]
Ah! Ah!
[*Falls to the floor. Darkness. Weird music swells out and there seems a flitting of time*]

SCENE VI: *When the lights come on, the stage is as it was in Act I, showing the empty pedestals of the Gods. Waring is seated at the table asleep. The Gods appear.*

HARDY

[*Lying on the floor*]
Ah! Ah!
[*It is dark about Hardy and Waring. Ahriman and Ormazd glide towards their pedestals. Weird music. As the stage lightens the Gods seem to hesitate what to do. Hardy is struggling on the floor*]
No! No!
It cannot be! My former life! No! No!
[*He struggles to his feet, but seems not to realize the situation. It is still*

dark about Waring and Hardy. As Hardy comes to himself, Ahriman and Ormazd take their places on the pedestals as marble statues. Lights come on naturally. Waring and Hardy are dressed in modern citizen's clothing. Weird music stops. Waring lifts his head as if from a pleasant sleep. When Hardy fully awakes, and sees how it all is he bursts out laughing at first rather hysterically, then joyously]

Ha! Ha! 'Tis all a dream! Ha! Ha!

[*Waring looks up surprised. Hardy's laugh turns to one of extreme joy*]

'Tis all

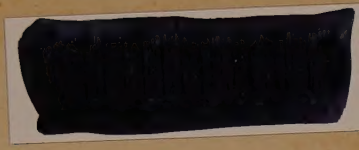
A dream! Ha! Ha!

[*Outside, the students can be heard departing as in Act I before the curtain rises. Hardy in the center of the stage as if realizing it all*]

A dream!

CURTAIN

This book may be kept

FOURTEEN DAYS

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